

# THE Tatler

& Bystander 2s.6d. weekly 11 July 1962

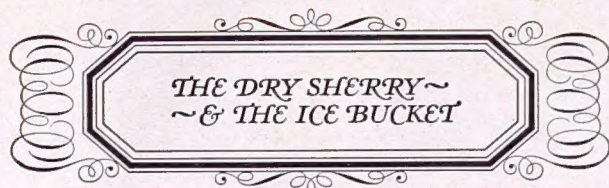




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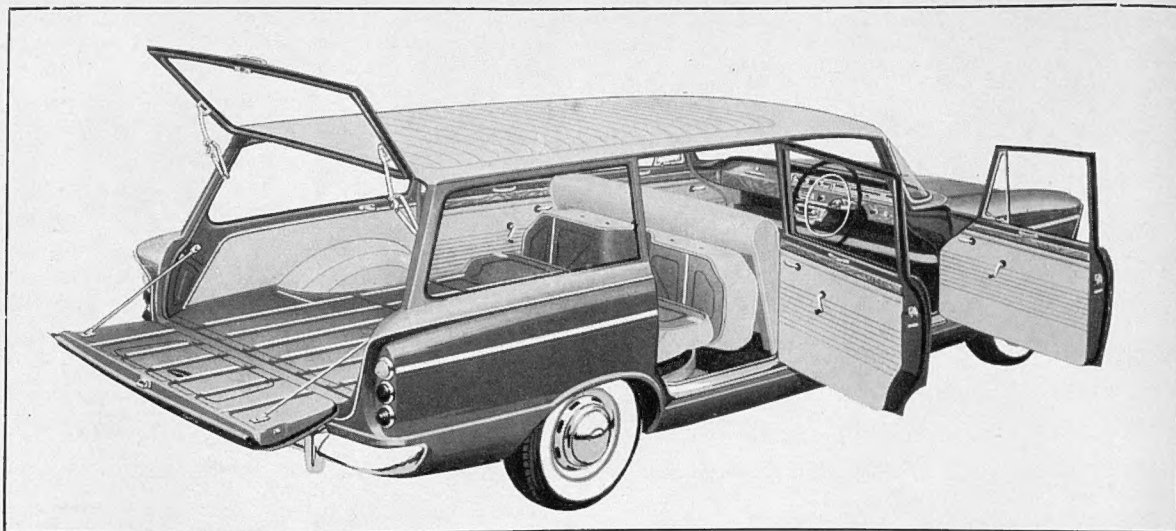
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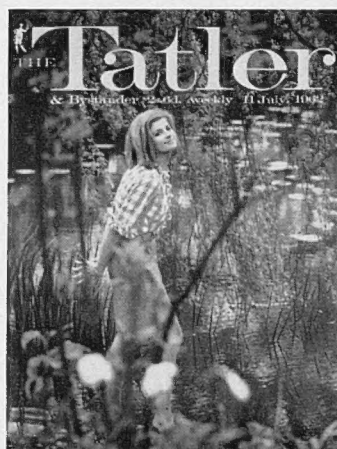
# THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s 6d WEEKLY

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Summertime—and the living is reasonably easy provided you can spare an hour or so to laze by the river or any sizeable sheet of water like the girl in John Cowan's cover picture. Her checked Thocollette blouse costs £3 6s. and you can buy it from Woollands 21 Shop or from Darlings, Edinburgh. Summertime in the City is usually a more serious affair but this year the governing fathers have staged their own Festival of the arts. Lord Kilbracken writes about it in an interview with Mr. Ian Hunter, the Festival's artistic director (see page 78). For more news and pictures of City dwellers turn to page 80

# GOING PLACES

## SOCIAL & SPORTING

**Royal Garden Parties:** Buckingham Palace, 13, 19, 24 July. **The Queen** will attend Lingfield Park races in aid of the Olympic Games & International Equestrian Fund, 14 July.

**Princess Margaret & the Earl of Snowdon** will attend a gala performance of the London Festival Ballet at the Royal Festival Hall on 16 July, in aid of the Royal College of Nursing.

**City of London Festival**, 21 July.

**British Empire Games Ball**, Grosvenor House, tomorrow. (Tickets, £3 3s., inc. dinner, from Mr. R. G. Hinks. MAY 6253.)

**Oxford v. Cambridge**, Lord's, 11-13 July.

**1st Bn. Beds & Herts (T.A.) Regimental Ball**, Ashridge College, 13 July. (Tickets: Double, £5 5s., single 55s. inc. buffet supper, champagne & breakfast, from the Adjutant, Hertford 4521.)

**Ocean Wave Ball**, Savoy, for the British Sailors Society, 17 July. (Tickets: £3 5s., inc. dinner, from Miss Betty Nisbet. KNI 5108.)

**Peterborough Agricultural Show**, 17-19 July.

**International Horse Show**, White City, 23-28 July.

**Game Fair**, Longleat, Wilts, 27, 28 July.

**Goodwood Races**, 31 July-3 August.

## RACE MEETINGS

**Flat:** Salisbury, Yarmouth, Doncaster, today & tomorrow; Manchester, Hamilton Park, Lingfield Park, Beverley, 13, 14; Newcastle, 14; Birmingham, 16; Ayr, Lewes, 16, 17; Alexandra Park, 18; Lanark, Bath, Catterick Bridge, 18, 19 July.

## CRICKET

**Gentlemen v. Players**, Lord's, 18-20 July.

**Hampshire County Cricket Festival**, Bournemouth, 18-24 July.

## MUSICAL

**Royal Ballet**, Covent Garden. *Checkmate*, *The Good Humoured Ladies*, *Le Baiser De La Fée*, 7.30 p.m. 11, 12 July; *Les Sylphides*, *Façade* and a new ballet by MacMillan, by the Royal Ballet School, 2.15 p.m. 14 July; new ballet by MacMillan (Royal Ballet School), *The Good Humoured Ladies*, *The Firebird*, 7.30 p.m. 14 July; *La Fil Mal Gardée*, 16 July; *Napoli*, *Flower Festival at Genzano*, *Antigone*, *The Good Humoured Ladies*, 17, 18 July, 7.30 p.m. (cov 1066.)

**Covent Garden Opera**. *Aida*, 7 p.m., 13 July. (End of opera season.)

**Sadler's Wells Opera**. *Murder In The Cathedral*, tonight; *The Bartered Bride*, 12, 14 July; *Iolanthe*, 13 July. (TER 1672/3.)

**Country House Concert**. Dartington String Quartet at The Vyne, Basingstoke, 6.30 p.m., 14 July. (PRI 7142.)

**Hintlesham Summer Festival**, Hintlesham Hall, Suffolk. Opera: *Angelo and Il Ballo Dell'Ingrate*, 12, 13, 14, 20, 21 July,



• Ota Janecek is one of two artists whose work is currently on show at the Seven Arts Gallery, comprising the first exhibition of contemporary Czechoslovak art to reach London. A resident of Prague, 41-year-old Janecek, here with his son, has worked in Paris and exhibited there and in other European centres as well as Russia, South America and the U.S.A. His colleague, exhibiting in this show, is Karel Soucek, a painter of cities. Another Czech art show opens at Olympia next week.

7 p.m.; Poetry & Jazz, 15 July, 8 p.m.; Church music in Hadleigh Church, 19 July, 7 p.m. (MAY 7097.)

**Lakeside Concert**, Kenwood (final). Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra, 8 p.m., 14 July.

**Royal Festival Hall**. London's Festival Ballet, 8 p.m., matinées Saturdays & August Bank Holiday, 5 p.m., 17 July-8 September.

## ART

**Royal Academy Summer Exhibition**, Burlington House, to 26 August.

**5,000 years of Egyptian Art**, Royal Academy, to 12 August.

**Arthur Boyd**, paintings & drawings, Whitechapel Art

Gallery, to 29 July. (See Galleries, page 43.)

**Alexander Calder sculpture**, Tate Gallery, to 12 August.

## FESTIVALS

**Cheltenham Festival of Contemporary Music**, to 13 July. **Haslemere Festival of Early Chamber Music**, 14-21 July. **Lake District Festival**, 14-21 July.

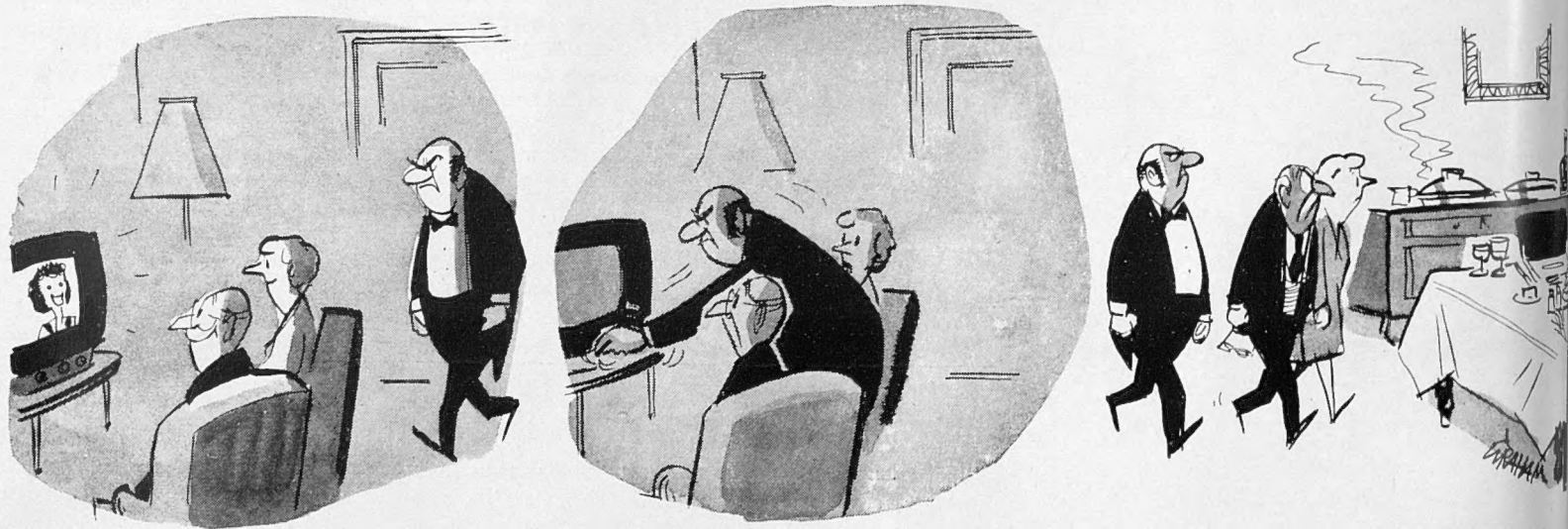
## FIRST NIGHTS

**Criterion Theatre**. *The Gimmick*, tonight.

**Old Vic**. *Inca*, 15 July.

**Westminster Abbey**. Wakefield Mystery Plays, 16 July.

## BRIGGS by Graham





NORMAN GRYSPEERT

GOING PLACES IN PICTURES

*On location in Tahiti, Mexican actress Rosenda Monteros, who is appearing in Ivan Foxwell's Tiara Tahiti. Described as a cynical comedy, the cast includes James Mason, John Mills, and Herbert Lom*

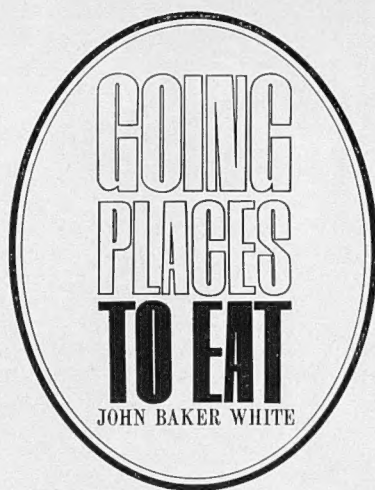
## Piccadilly jewel

C.S. = Closed Sundays

W.B. = Wise to book a table

**L'Hirondelle**, Swallow Street, Piccadilly. C.S. (REG 7482.) Not a club, but a night restaurant with dancing and cabaret. Opens 7.30 p.m. (though 10 p.m. is about the time to dine), is licensed to 3.30 a.m. and stays open to 4 a.m. Minimum charge for 3 courses is 47s. 6d., and 52s. 6d. on Saturdays. Unlike many places with entertainments the food is first class—*scampi* and veal dishes are among the specialities—and the service most attentive. The wine list, too, is satisfactory. Mr. Joseph Mourat knows a lot about good food, and sees that his guests get it. The cabaret at 10.30 p.m. and 1.30 a.m. is well above the present London average—not one of those cadaverous comedians winding himself round the microphone like a cobra with the colic, but Judy Collins, a charmer with any amount of personality. The whole show is colourful, slick, and not too long. I reckon that with wine and a liqueur you can have a jolly good evening for about £4 per head. W.B.

**The Carving Room**, Strand Corner House. Open, at present, 12 midday to 3 p.m. and 5.30 p.m. to 8 p.m. Open Sunday lunchtime. Here you can carve for yourself, and as much as you like, from three hot joints of prime meat, or a selection of cold ones on the buffet. The charge is 14s., to include soup,



fruit or shrimp cocktail, the vegetables or salads and trimmings for your meat, and sweet or cheese and coffee. There is a short and well-chosen wine list, including a large carafe for 11s. 6d. and a large glass for 3s. I liked the clean decor of the room, which seats 75, particularly the light-coloured wooden tables and chairs, the ultra-modern carving tables and the general air of brightness. Coffee and service, as always with Lyons, first-rate.

**Il Pappagallo Trattoria**, 84 Old Brompton Road. Open luncheon and dinner. Fully licensed. (KEN 2401.) Smallish, pleasant and friendly, with, thank goodness, no piped Neapolitan music. An excellent Italian hors d'oeuvre costs 4s. 6d. and the main dishes, with several veal and chicken specialities, from 9s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. The coffee is excellent, and not *espresso*. There is a sensible wine list and a generous

half-carafe of white Italian costs 6s. 6d. I ate well for 18s. and liked the friendliness of the staff. The restaurant was a bit on the warm side for me, but no one else seemed to mind.

### Wine note

**Hungarian Wine Throughout The Ages**, published by Kultura, Budapest, and obtainable in Britain from Collet's, 44 Museum Street, London, W.C.1, at 20s., is a useful guide to those who want to know more about Hungarian wines. I found it both interesting and entertaining, especially the chapters on wine folklore, and the matching of wines to traditional Hungarian dishes. It is enlivened by amusing cartoons in colour; and it tells you about the "Bulls Blood" of Eger, now popular in this country.

### ... and a reminder

**La Poule Au Pot**, 231 Ebury St. Open 12.30-2 p.m. and 6.30 to midnight; of the bistro type with strong stage connections

**The Reluctant Dragon**, 3 Cromwell Road. (KEN 7258.) A dining club devoted to high quality Chinese cooking; several experts consider it to be some of the best in London

**Casse-Croute**, 82 Sloane Avenue, Chelsea (KEN 2457.) Small, specializing in fish at the bar; same ownership as the Cale Street establishment of the same name

**L'Escale**, 15 Great Newport Street. (TEM 5587.) Next door to, and associated with, the

*Black Angus; specializes in fish in comfortable surroundings*  
**La Dolce Vita**, Frith Street. (GER 3814.) A good place if you like Italian food, with plenty of song and music at night

### CABARET CALENDAR

**Talk of the Town** (REG 5051). Lisa Kirk's season has been extended for another three weeks. This Broadway star is supported by *The Four Saints*, a team of dancers who can sing. At 10 o'clock, the glamour revue *Fantastico*

**Pigalle** (REG 7746). The Winifred Atwell Show. The 50-strong spectacular starring the coloured pianist has been extended for a month. The second feature spot is held by *Luxor Gali-Gali*, the international comedy magician

**Society** (REG 0565). First major West End cabaret date for Toni Eden, the English singing personality who has just completed a season in revue

**Candlelight Room, May Fair Hotel** (MAY 7777). Ray Ellington and his quartet entertain. With them is singer Susan Maughan and the South African National Dance Company

**Savoy** (TEM 4343). The *Kutan Cossack Dancers* are supported in a varied bill by the *Savoy Dancers*

**Winston's Club** (REG 5418). Danny la Rue and Ronnie Corbett lead a fast-moving show that also includes Anne Hart



The newly-opened *Blue Boar Inn*, Leicester Square, which has a Robin Hood decor

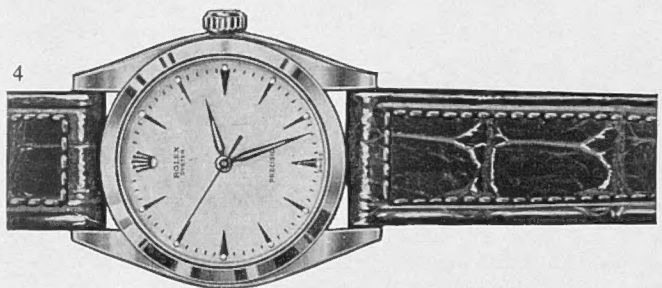
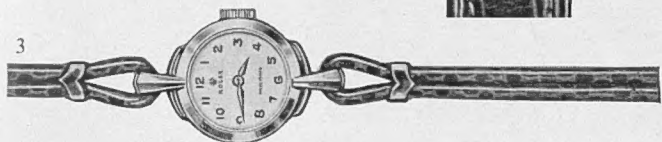
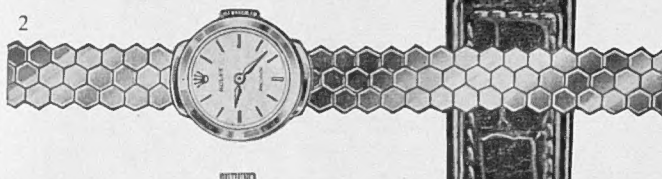


Hutch, who has just returned from an Australian tour, returns to the West End with a season at *Quaglinos*

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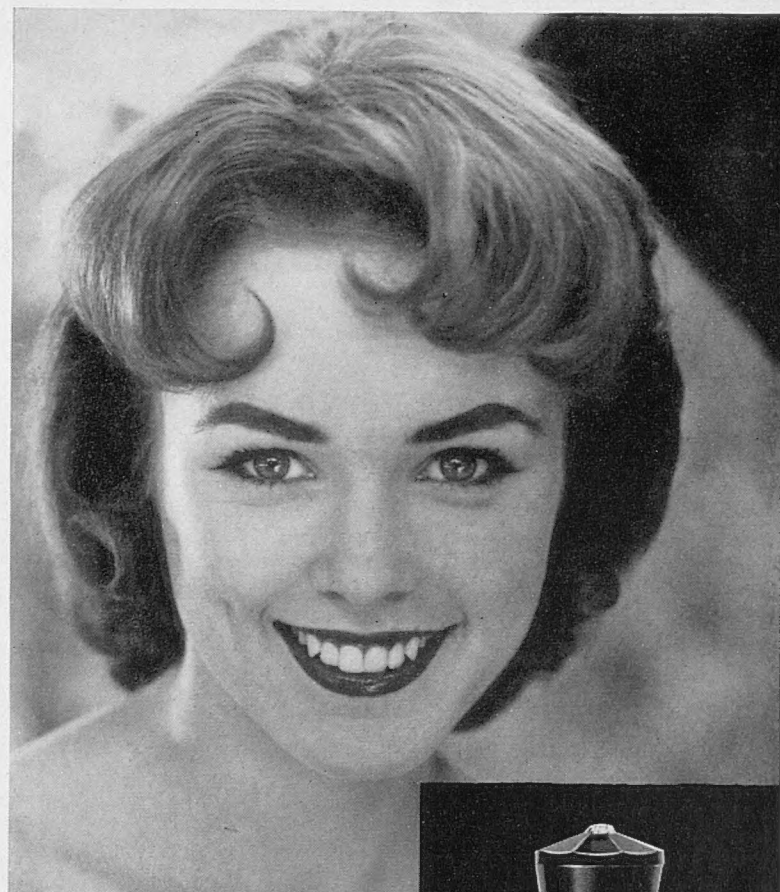


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## The Adriatic environs

IT WOULD BE DIFFICULT TO IMAGINE odder bedfellows than the little Byzantine town of Ravenna and the beach resorts of the Adriatic which start eight kilometres away. To what extent people with children to entertain and care for (since this coast is essentially family holiday territory) have either the time or the inclination to appreciate the finer points of Byzantine monuments, I should not like to hazard. It is enough to know that Ravenna is that close, and perhaps a welcome refuge from buckets and spades. The advantage of this northern Adriatic coast is not so much its beauty—though its flat wilderness of pine trees, its unbroken miles of fine, pale sand has a certain beauty—but the fact that it is, above all, cheap; its bathing is shallow, safe and tideless; children would have to shop seriously for trouble in order to find it. The Italians dote on the young, and would as soon look after yours as their own, which makes it comparatively relaxing for adults. The choice of places in this 40-mile riviera is wide. The metropoli include



Rimini, Riccione and Cattolica, plus Milano Marittima. In all of them there are, as they say, "accommodations to suit every pocket," and indeed one can live for as little as £1 a day with all food (an example: the Regina, in Rimini). This bears favourable comparison with most English resorts and you get better weather thrown in. Shops stay open until 11 p.m. or midnight, and there are bars, cafés and restaurants by the score. Of their kind these resorts are admirable.

In search of non-resorts on the sea, I investigated some

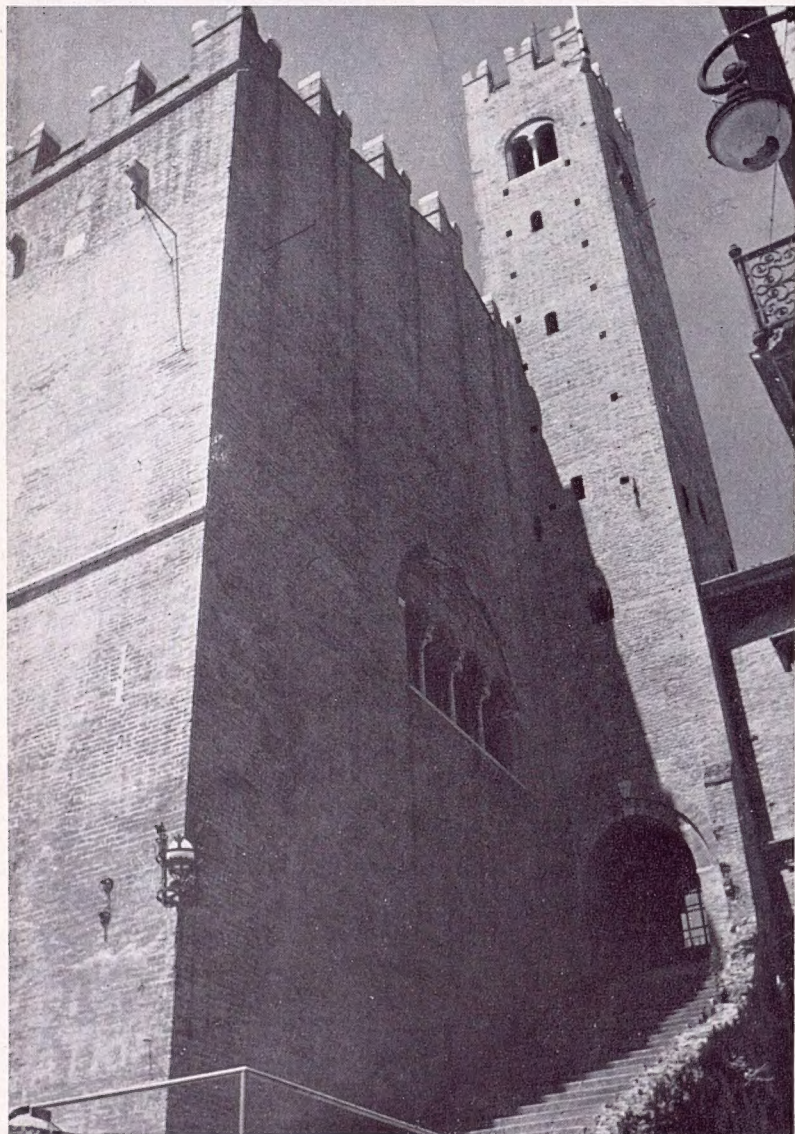
smaller places, of which Marina di Ravenna is a pleasant example. I want to be taken at my word when I say that it is strictly unpretentious and unsophisticated, and there is nothing else to do there except eat, sunbathe and swim. It is a fishing port, and accordingly famous for its food. You'll find an excellent *brodetto* (the local bouillabaisse, at a tenth usual price), fresh fried sardines and baby mackerel and the dry white Verdiccio Flori to wash it down with—at any café. The best are the Maddalena, the del Sole and the Ristorante del Porto. Three comfortable hotels—the Internazionale, the Mare Pinetta and the Serena—all lie just behind the pine-woods that separate them from the sea. Ten minutes' drive away, Marina Romeo and Punta Marina (which has the best beach of all) have little cafés and beach establishments for swimming but, so far as I know, no hotels.

Perhaps the nicest place on this immediate coast is Cervia and its companion port, Cesenatico. The port, like so many of its neighbours, takes the form of a broad canal cut into the flat seaboard of the

coast. Sailing ships and fishing nets, slung like butterflies on stilts from one bank to the other, give it a strange and at moments almost an Oriental air. This is not bucket and spade territory at all, though broad, flat beaches lie nearby. It has all the movement and colour and appeal of a true fishing port, and I found it most attractive.

The coast is, as I have said, dead flat. But the beginning of the Apennines, the fringe of the northern Tuscan hills, rise tentative and tantalizing behind. Mobile with a car, you can visit the tiny hilltop republic of San Marino; or Verghereto, a delightful village on the road leading from Bagno di Romagna to San Sepulchro and the Arezzo and Perugia districts: some of the loveliest inland country in the whole of Italy. To the north, Venice is about two hours' drive.

**How to get there:** BEA have a self-drive car hire service operating direct from the airport at Venice. Night flights are £31 17s. return, day flights (which encompass a pleasant lunch on the way out) are £39 16s. Vanguard and Viscounts are used for the flights.



Rimini: The Palazzo Comunale



Cesenatico: Beaches and sailing



Riccione: A spot for family holidays

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THE TATLER  
11 JULY 1962

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# ROYAL MOTHER



The Duchess of Kent, seen here with the Duke at a London wedding last year, gave birth to a son at her home, Coppins, two weeks ago. The baby will be tenth in line of succession to the throne and will take his father's subsidiary title of Earl of St. Andrews, but have no princely title or rank

One of the biggest and best, they said of the First & Third Trinity Boat Club May ball at Cambridge. There were more than 2,000 guests, three bands, including Humphrey Lyttelton's, Black Watch pipes and drums, quiet punting along the Cam and a buffet beneath the gracious arcades of Neville's Court



*Mr. Philip Parsons under First & Third Trinity Boat Club oars he arranged, with Miss M. Bonner*



*Humphrey Lyttelton played in the marquee*



# MAY BALL AT TRINITY

## MURIEL BOWEN REPORTS

COWES HAS A RIVAL NOW IN POOLE WHICH is building up a reputation on the honeyed compliments handed it by foreigners—when the Poole Bay Olympic Sailing Association staged its two-week regatta there were as many languages spoken as at a United Nations committee meeting. (See pictures on page 72.) "Very good, excellent sailing conditions, we like it here," said big burly **Alexandrov**, the most noted of current Russian helmsmen. **Dr. Max Oberti**, star of Italian helmsmen, grinned as he talked the sandwich providers into double helpings for his crew. "Poole luv-ally, sandwich luv-ally, and weather luv-ally too—much more luv-ally than we told to expect," he announced.

Moving spirits behind this regatta, which is giving our sailors their most valuable competitive experience ever in home waters, are **Lt.-Col. "Stug" Perry** and **Sir Gordon Smith**, **Bt. Col. Perry**, Dorset's High Sheriff, summed it up this way: "The foreigners don't like Cowes, the Americans call it

'obstacle racing.' The tides are the trouble really. Here you get a clear wind and tides which don't interfere."

## BRING ON THE DRAGONS

**Col. Perry** encouraged the 5·5's—biggest of the boats to race in the Olympic Games—to come to Poole, and **Sir Gordon Smith** was responsible for bringing the Dragons. "It's hard to buy a Dragon at the moment," **Sir Gordon** told me. "There is a tremendous world-wide demand for them. Fleets are growing everywhere, especially in the Pacific." The Dragons are great favourites with sailing wives too. They are not too big or too difficult to handle, so a woman can be a crew member without feeling useless.

Half-way through the sailing fortnight the sailors dropped anchor one evening at the Pavilion, Bournemouth, where they had a ball with good music and food. But what a hideous place the Pavilion is inside. Like so many of the places of entertainment at our larger seaside resorts, it has all the ugliness of Victorian decor. The sailors, though,

were just the people to make one forget the surroundings and the evening bobbed along on a tide of salty reminiscences.

The President of the Poole Bay Olympic Sailing Association, **Mr. Alan Hickman**, and his wife were busy most of the evening introducing the foreign visitors to the Mayor of Bournemouth. **Mrs. Hickman** did a sterling job in command of the battalions who made the sandwiches for hungry yachtsmen to take on their boats. Others dancing that night were **Mr. & Mrs. Kenneth Biddle**, **Mr. & Mrs. Owen Aisher** (he tells me that the rebuilding of the Island Sailing Club at Cowes is just about finished), **Lt.-Col. & Mrs. D. A. F. Home**, **Mr. & Mrs. Neville Smith**, **Mr. & Mrs. Alfred Burt**, and **Mr. Richard Creagh-Osborne** who was chalking up his usual run of successes with his Finn, Finesse.

## MEETING THE RUSSIANS

The Russians naturally were a great source of interest; much more chatty than usual too. **Mr. Georgy Ordzoni-**



Miss Susan Bennett and Mr. Cedric Harris.  
The heaters were portable



Mr. William Marsden, one of the organizers  
of the ball, with Miss Kaja Collingham



Miss Susan Willmott and  
Mr. Malcolm Cockburn

Miss Virginia Tyler consulted  
Gypsy Priscilla Rose Lee

PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL

kidze, the Vice-President of the Russian Sailing Association, told me that sailing is a fast-growing sport in Russia. "We get a lot of women sailing and that is quite new," he said. "We even have a national championship for women sailing Dragons." The Russians have the formidable number of 106 boats of the 5.5 type, and when it comes to international competition they don't spare expense. Their main boat at Poole was brand new, a mixture in design, they told me, of the world-beating boats of Scandinavia and Switzerland.

They led for part of the championships, but the individual 5.5 metre event went to the U.S. and the English-Speaking Union trophy for Dragons to Australia. Britain's best performance was that of Mr. Robin Aisher, our Olympic helmsman, who helped the Old World beat the New for the Bossom Bowl.

I spent the better part of a day in the Royal Motor Yacht Club at that delightful spot, Sandbanks. The club was the headquarters of the fortnight's racing, and members were taking a very active

interest. They were all helping in one way or another, from Major J. G. Abraham, the Commodore, who lent his Rosabelle to ferry V.I.P.s to the committee boat, to Mr. H. Sankey, whose no-nonsense approach to running the car park was a great success. An excellent choice, everybody said, and so it was. Mr. Sankey was able to run the car park without losing any of his friends!

Smoothing out all the problems of competitors was Mr. F. Burn-Calandrander, the regatta secretary. His only complaint: "My friends keep pulling me out of retirement; I've retired three times already, but still people find me jobs to do." For 22 years he was social secretary at Harrods.

Adding a touch of colour and grandeur were some of the fine boats of the members anchored just off the jetty; among them Mr. Eric S. Fox's Braemar, and Mr. Royce Turner's Sherina. The Royal Motor Yacht Club's premises are extremely attractive. Lunching there is reminiscent of the Verandah Grill on the Queen Mary—you eat surrounded by the sea.

## CHAMPAGNE AT CAMBRIDGE

At Cambridge there were sailors of a different sort, and their friends, especially their friends (see pictures above). Over 2,000 people lost no time at all in buying tickets for the First & Third Trinity Boat Club ball immediately they were available. With tickets at 7 gns. (double) it is believed to have been the most expensive ball the university has ever had. There was a free champagne bar in Nevile's Court, caricatures of the University's personalities in the Combination Room, and dancing to the pipers of the Black Watch on the lawn.

But the thing that really made this ball hum was the enthusiasm. Those I spoke to were very realistic young people, all bent on getting a good degree, and this—so they told me—was one of their few really gay and glamorous occasions in the entire year.

Those enjoying themselves included Mr. William Marsden, the secretary of the ball, Mr. C. M. Tompkinson (with an exotic buttonhole), Miss Susan

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

## MURIEL BOWEN CONTINUED

Thompson, Miss Carol Smith, Mr. Malcolm Cockburn, Miss Martine Bestick, Miss Rosalie Buchanan, Mr. Philip Parsons and Miss Eleanor Pilkington who slipped getting into a punt, ruining a white organdie dress which emerged mud-colour out of the Cam! Miss Pilkington was undismayed. "It was Mummy's choice, that dress, and I've always hated it," she said. "Now—at last—it's finished!" She returned to London in a dilapidated sports car, wearing a horse rug belonging to Toby, Mr. John Beaumont's hunter, over her shoulders.

They may have a more serious attitude to work, but all in all, Cambridge hasn't changed much.

## ROSES FOR A WEDDING

There was a buffet luncheon at the Dorchester penthouse following the marriage at St. George's, Hanover Square, of Major Sir Berkeley Ormerod and Mrs. Frederick Sigrist. The suite had been built out over the terrace for the occasion, and the glass ceiling below was a translucent canopy of white organdie studded along the sides with pink roses. There were cascades of roses on the trellised walls of the terrace, and garlands of them holding back the heavy apple green curtains. The reception rooms had rather exotic arrangements of roses, while the buffet tables were draped with white organdie over coloured silk and decorated with garlands of still more pink roses. Mr. Oliver Messel, who had done the decor, told me that 400 dozen pink roses had been used.

Sir Berkeley, who has lived in America for many years, recently retired as Director of the British Information Services in New York, a position he filled with distinction. Many a time I've heard Americans advise each other: "Well, if there is anything you want to know about Britain, Bill Ormerod is the man." His encyclopaedic knowledge and the facility with which he could from memory produce the necessary statistics often outshone Americans at their own game. This was something they warmly applauded. Hostesses too regarded his presence at their parties as a great coup. I was once told by one of them that Sir Berkeley was the sort of man who "added distinction to a room."

The reception at the Dorchester might have been the Chelsea Flower Show there were so many hats in full bloom. Mrs. Sigrist, who is very blonde, wore a Dior suit in blue silk which had a scattered design of lilies-of-the-valley. To some extent the wedding resembled one of her house parties in the South of France, where she entertains beautifully and has a succession of people to

stay at the Hon. Lady Norman's château de la Garoupe which she takes each summer. The swimming off the rocks and the card games, the visits to the casino and to Eden Roc were being recalled by friends some of whom had first met each other under her roof.

Wedding guests included Viscount Rothermere, Mr. & the Hon. Mrs. Willoughby Norman, Mr. & Mrs. Henry Martineau, Sir Aubrey & Lady Burke, the Duke & Duchess of Sutherland, Brigadier & Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower, and Lord Gladwyn who was having a long chat over lunch with Mrs. Hugh Gaitskell, whose royal blue and black ensemble was one of the smartest there. Lord & Lady Marks of Broughton were being asked about their forthcoming holiday. Mr. Basil Mavroleon has lent them his ocean yacht Radiant for a couple of weeks in August. "We'll probably go to Majorca," Lady Marks told me. "We'll be taking some American friends, also my granddaughter."

Also at the wedding were Mr. & Mrs. Leslie Glass, the Hon. Sir Bede & Lady Clifford, the Hon. Mrs. Edward Pleydell-Bouverie, Lady Robinson, Miss May Sopwith, Lord & Lady Ennisdale, Admiral of the Fleet Earl Mountbatten of Burma, Air Chief Marshal Sir Christopher Courtney & Lady Courtney, and Mr. & Mrs. Everard Gates. The honeymoon is being spent in Paris and Garoupe.

## HARD-HITTING CICERO

There are few more attractive places to spend a Sunday afternoon than watching the polo at Cowdray Park, especially when play is on the River Ground. The day I was there the ground was playing very fast and there was an exciting hard-hitting match for the Cicero Cup. The Maharajah of Cooch-Bihar and the Maharanee were watching. They are just back from India—where she recently shot her first tiger—and have taken a cottage near Cowdray for the polo season. Also at Cowdray were Mr. & Mrs. Douglas Riley-Smith, Mr. & Mrs. Mike Holden-White, Mr. Ronnie Driver, Mr. & Mrs. Jimmy Edwards, Mr. John Lakin & the Hon. Mrs. Lakin, Sir Rupert Dering, Bt., & Lady Dering, Mr. Freddie Gough, M.P., & Mr. Michael Hare, son of the Minister of Labour, the Hon. John Hare, and one of Cowdray's more promising younger players.

A new venture this year is the Junior Polo Tournament on 11 & 12 August, which, unlike the Pony Club tournaments, is to be played with a hard ball. About eight Pony Clubs have been invited to send teams. Coaching for schoolboys which is being conducted by Lt.-Col. "Bolshie" Tatham, started during the Easter holidays at Cowdray and is to be continued.

In bright June sunshine at Cowdray Park polo supporters watched the Jersey Lilies team carry off the Cicero Cup after a hard-fought final match against the Cowdray side.

# THE CICERO AT COWDRAY

PHOTOGRAPHS: AN HALL



Mr. Ronald Driver, Master of the Cowdray Hunt, and Lt.-Col. Sir Rupert Dering, Bt.



*Mr. E. B. Moller receives the Cicero Cup for the Jersey Lilies from Mrs. W. Holden-White whose husband runs the Cottage side. With them, Viscount Cowdray*



*A Cowdray Park attack. From left: Mr. John Lakin, Mr. Michael Hare and Mr. John Lucas*

*Viscountess Cowdray and her daughter, the Hon. Rosanna Pearson*



*Mr. Michael Hare and Lt.-Col. Peter Dollar played for Cowdray Park*

*The Hon. Jane Pearson, daughter of Viscount Cowdray*



PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL

# Russians in a regatta



*In the Dragon-class race N. Y. McCaslyon's Ailsa leads J. Janson's Salamander II*



*Mr. Georgy Ordzonikidze, Vice-President of the Russian Sailing Association. Left: Russian yachtsmen examine their spinnakers in the R.M.Y.C. boat-house. Above right: Mr. Robin Aisher sailing his Yeoman X*



Competitors from all over the world, including Russia, took part in the World 5.5 metre yachting championships that launched Poole Bay Regatta

Below: Mrs. Trevelyan Thomas and Mrs. C. E. Bowden. Right: Mr. Owen Aisher, going out to his Yeoman VII for the 5·5



Dr. M. K. Mead, Lt. P. L. Roach and Cdr. Ross Coles



Mr. Richard Creagh-Osborne, who won the Finn championship in Finesse



Col. R. S. G. Perry, High Sheriff of Dorset, and Mrs. J. D. Dillon

The start of the 5·5 metre championship race in Poole Bay





# The bride at Coupar



*Above: Congratulations in the Hall of Hallyburton*

*Top: Miranda Gurdon, daughter of Major & Mrs. A. B. D. Gurdon, was a bridesmaid*



Miss Cynthia Graham Menzies, only daughter of the late Mr. W. Neil Graham Menzies & Mrs. M. J. Lindsay, of Hallyburton, Coupar Angus, Perthshire, was married to Lt.-Col. Charles Timothy Llewellyn Palmer, son of the late Col. W. & Lady Alexandra Llewellyn Palmer of Chippenham, at St. Anne's Church, Coupar



*Lady Lawson and Major James Friend*

*Far left: Lord & Lady Templemore*

*Left: The Earl & Countess of Mansfield*



*Major Harry Dalzell Payne, Miss Serena Gourlay and Mr. Hugh Walker-Munro*

*Far left: Lt.-Col. & Mrs. Michael Lindsay, the bride's mother and stepfather*

*Left: Major James Drummond-Hay and Lady Duncan of Jordanstone*



# Never asked again

BY MARK BENCE-JONES

*A girl was once invited  
To stay with a marchioness.  
The bedclothes she ignited  
And she wore a provocative dress.  
She was never, never, never,  
She was never asked again. . . .*

A friend and I once found diabolical amusement in making up verses like this, to be sung to the tune of the Eton Boating Song. For what indeed could be worse than to be asked somewhere and never to be asked again? Theologians were aware of this when they described the pains of Hell as being the anguish of seeing Heaven once and then having to stay away from it for ever. Oscar Wilde was equally damning when he said that Frank Harris was asked everywhere once. Yet there are so many ways of not being asked again that, if one thinks of them, it might seem as difficult to stay for a second time in the same house as it was for a Puritan to be saved. Assume one is careful not to commit any obvious offences, like getting drunk, overflowing the bath or being late for dinner; that's still not enough. I can think of an agreeable young man who was never asked again just because he had a habit of walking down the stairs on his heels. Quite a number of otherwise perfect guests have never been asked again because they were taken ill. One I know collapsed in the ballroom during a coming-of-age celebration. "Damn fellow," said his host, as though he'd done it on purpose.

More unfair still was the hostess who

kept a bowl full of funny hats in her hall. Any guest who put one of them on was never asked again. I am certain that fancy dress balls, so popular in the past, were really intended to be traps of this sort. Far from being a disguise, fancy dress showed what people were really like. The girl who thought fancy dress was an opportunity to show off her charms and came as a shrimp in nothing but a net, suffered in this way. So did the man who came as Cupid and then, when told by his host to go away and put something on, reappeared with a paper frill on his head and declared that he was now a dressed ham. Even when the hostess was a Bright Young Thing, I am sure guests were condemned on account of their costumes. "Fancy Sonia coming as a procuress, how *too* unimaginative of her, I never realized she could be so *boring*." It would seem that throwing the odd bread roll at a dance is quite pardonable. I know some people who once threw gulls' eggs. Even this might have been overlooked had it not been for the fact that one of the eggs was soft. They were never asked again and were quite aggrieved: how were they to know that one of the eggs wasn't properly boiled? Next day there was a cartoon in the paper by a famous cartoonist of a mother saying to her daughter: "No more dances for you, my girl, until gulls' eggs are out of season."

There are times when a guest can be too well behaved. It's bad if one's room is untidy; yet if it's tidier than the rooms of the family, it's a reflection on them. There is a story of a young man staying for the

first time at a smart house and anxious to do the right thing. After changing for dinner he made his room beautifully tidy and sallied forth. Then he passed the open door of the young lord's room and noticed utter chaos within. So he returned to his own room and deliberately untided it. If a guest never does anything wrong it might annoy a hostess, because it makes the guest too much one up. She longs for him to break a glass, knowing that if he did so he would be too embarrassed to notice the poor quality of the wine.

Generally, guests who try to be helpful are doomed from the start. Many a hostess feels badly snubbed if a guest makes his own bed; particularly if she doesn't want him to think that she has no servants. And nothing is more annoying than the guest who discovers dry rot behind the panelling. I know somebody who when staying in a house where there was a squeaky door told his hostess that he had heard rats. It was no consolation when he assured her that his own house was always full of rats. I remember someone else who brought a rather tiresome dog to a luncheon and when the dog started scratching an armchair she said gaily "There's a mouse in the webbing." A friend of mine annoyed his host by waking him up in the middle of the night because he thought he heard burglars. If you are staying in a strange house and want to be asked again, never leave your bed no matter what noises you hear. It is probably only a ghost and anyone who sees ghosts will never be asked again either. "I'd love to ask so-and-so to stay," the hostess says.



It was in the heart of the City of London, appropriately enough, that I'd arranged to meet Ian Hunter—in fact, at the Mansion House. Mr. Hunter is the artistic director (in other words, the boss) of the City of London Festival, which opened last Monday and will run for two weeks. He was in conference, I learned, with the Lord Mayor when I arrived there; Monday's opening ceremonies—a Service of Dedication in St. Paul's, followed by Betjeman's "Entertainment" *In Honour of the City of London*—were rapidly approaching and there were still administrative matters to be decided. After five minutes he emerged, smart-suited and bow-tied and busily energetic in the manner of the great impresario. "I have to go to the Tower for a rehearsal of *The Yeomen*," he briskly informed me. Would I, he suggested, care to come along? To this I gladly agreed, and off we went by taxi.

It was about time, I'd thought, that the great City of London should have a festival of its own, if only to make more Londoners aware of their city's charm—and indeed of its very existence. I can think of no capital—New York, I suppose, comes closest to it—where the ordinary citizens steer so clear of their own city. The stockbrokers, the bank managers, the clerks, the solicitors—such great unending skeins of them come flocking in each morning to occupy each available, pre-allotted cranny; but off they fly in the evening to roost in Wimbledon or Bayswater, leaving the City itself to the starlings and pigeons which in some ways they resemble so closely. And other Londoners—those who *don't* happen to work there—seldom venture beyond Temple Bar, except, perhaps, for an evening at the Mermaid, or on a trippery excursion to see the Bloody Tower.

One of the main aims of his festival, as Hunter now told me, is to counter this Cityphobia. In this, I believe, he is likely to succeed. He has made a habit of success. Festivals, besides, are his *forte*. Ian Hunter is 43. When he left Fettes in 1938 he intended to make his professional life in music as a performer and was studying to become a conductor, under Fritz Busch, when the war intervened. He was mainly employed on staff duties during his seven years in the army, from which he emerged as a Lieutenant-Colonel (at 24) with an M.B.E. to boot; whereupon he decided, having found a taste and talent for administration, to turn to that side of the arts. He became assistant to the artistic director of the then-infant Edinburgh Festival in 1946. After three seasons he became artistic administrator and finally, in 1951, took full charge as artistic director. Meantime he had been largely responsible for getting the Bath Festival going and for making it a success. He returned there as director on his departure from



Ian Hunter, left, with Lord Kilbracken

## MASTER OF FESTIVALS

LORD KILBRACKEN TALKS TO IAN HUNTER

Edinburgh in 1955. Hunter was also artistic adviser for the Adelaide Festival in Australia, and has played a leading part in many other such international occasions.

Our taxi deposited us before that "panoply of stone" and we found rehearsal in full swing on the large *ad hoc* stage in the precincts of the Tower. (What better setting could there possibly be for *The Yeomen of the Guard*!) For a while Hunter busied himself in discussions with Jack Phipps, his second-in-command, while the producer, Anthony Besch, was hard at work on the stage. Then, as we watched proceedings, he began to tell me something of his newest festival's inception. It was only 18 months ago that he first mooted it to Sir Frederick Hoare (who

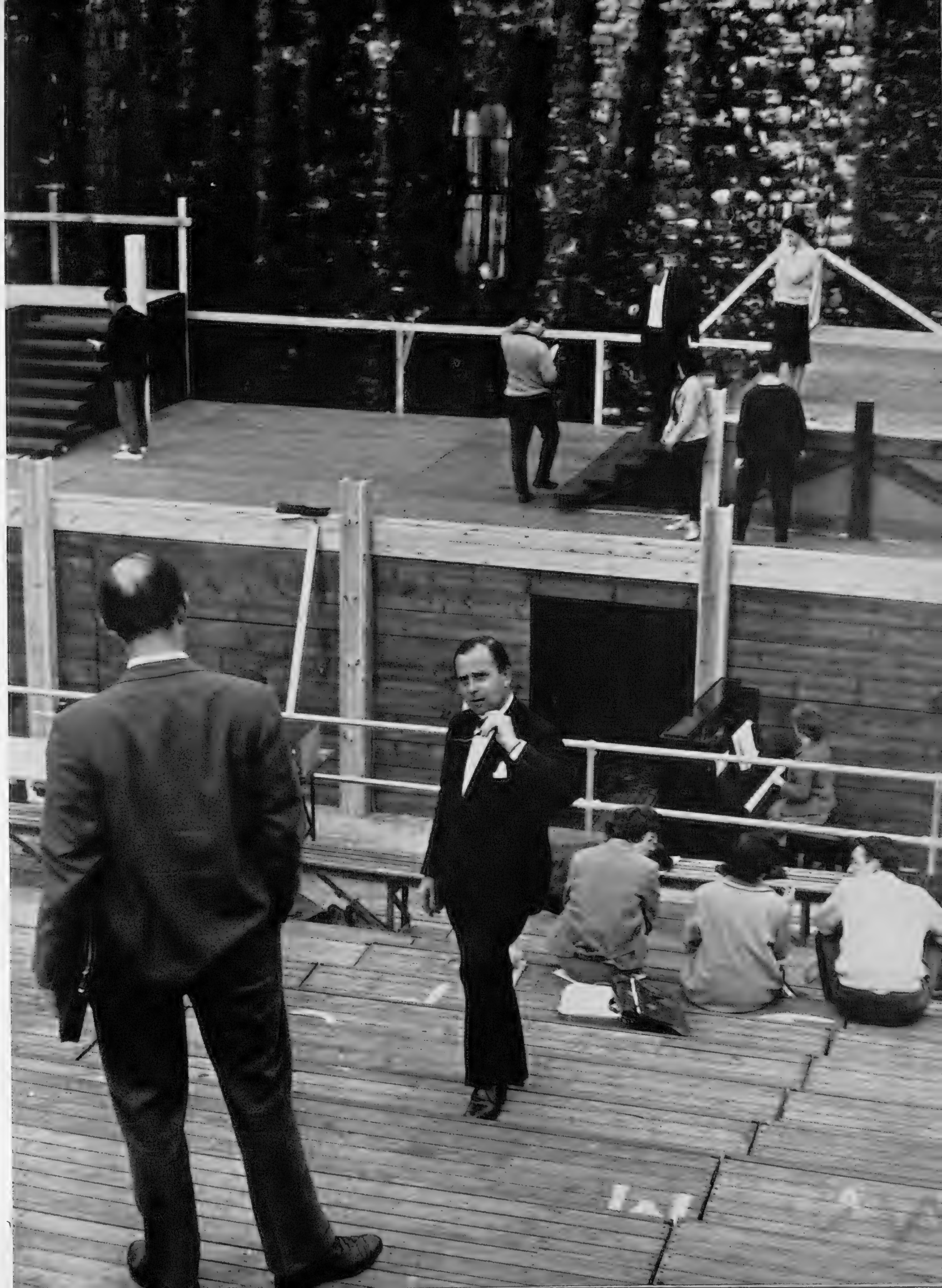
was not yet Lord Mayor) and he did not receive the ultimate green light to go ahead till as late as last November. "It didn't leave me much time, but I find I work best when a deadline is not too distant," he admitted with a smile (and I heartily agreed). The Corporation of the City of London put up £7,500, and a further £20,000 came from other City business sources.

Hunter explained to me that in terms of pure cash there would be a deficit of £12,000 even if every seat was always sold; but money, happily, is not the only thing that matters. The combined side-effects, too, will be important, such as the commissioning of new works and an enhanced public interest in the City of London itself.

It is a splendidly devised fortnight. (You can find complete details in the excellent Programme Book—five bob at most bookstalls—which also has articles on general aspects of the City by John Betjeman, Paul Jennings, Patrick Campbell and others.) As well as *The Yeomen* each evening, there are six performances in Guildhall of Purcell's *Dido & Aeneas*, newly prepared by Benjamin Britten, and two performances in St. Paul's of *The Raising of Lazarus*, the 13th-century French mystery play. Dame Peggy Ashcroft performs in *Flower of Cities All*, a programme devised by Ivor Brown, in Fishmongers' Hall this evening. Soloists at a fine selection of concerts include Yehudi Menuhin, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Artur Schnabel, and conductors John Pritchard and Colin Davis. Several items have been specially commissioned: Sir William Walton's *A Song for the Lord Mayor's Table*, for example—commissioned by the Goldsmiths—which will be sung by Schwarzkopf (accompanied by Gerald Moore) in her recital in Goldsmiths' Hall, and a Clarinet Quintet by Arnold Cooke, commissioned by the Lord Mayor. Among "Other Festival Events" listed in the programme are dress shows and ox-roasting, sailing and coach tours, open-air dancing (in Finsbury Circus) and organ recitals (in St. Paul's); something indeed for everyone.

The merryman and his maid completed their duet on the stage; Hunter glanced at his watch and found that time (as ever) was pressing. We taxied swiftly to his offices in Wigmore Street—he contrives, besides all else, to be managing director of his own one-man-show, Harold Holt Ltd.—where urgent appointments awaited him. Needless to say, as he told me in the taxi, he is already looking ahead: he hopes that the City's festival will be a regular annual event, bigger and better each year. I hope so, too, as I told him when we parted. It deserves to, anyway.

Opposite: Artistic director Ian Hunter at the *Yeomen of the Guard* rehearsal with Jack Phipps, Festival Administrator



In the week that sees the opening of the City of London's first-ever festival of the arts Alan Vines photographs some of the people who stay behind when the banks and offices empty and the roads east and north lie clear from Ludgate Hill to Finsbury. It isn't pressure of work that keeps them—though a good many have official duties in the area—but simply a shared delight in



# LIVING IN THE CITY



**Colonel Sir Thomas Butler, Bt.,** is Resident Governor of the Tower of London which though firmly identified in the public mind with the City is in fact just inside the borough of Stepney. Sir Thomas and Lady Butler are seen (left) with their younger daughter Virginia on the ramparts of the Bell Tower with its dramatic view of Tower Bridge and the river. Virginia often sits with her dog Tiggy in the Bell Tower (above) where notable prisoners have included the first Queen Elizabeth and John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester

**Mrs. Gerald Darling** (opposite with daughter Fiona 5½) has lived in the Temple with her barrister husband for seven years. Two years ago the impossibility of finding a nearby nursery school for Fiona prompted her to start one of her own. The Benchers of the Middle Temple gave her the use of the recreation room of the Choir of the Temple Church rent free. Mrs. Darling engaged a teacher and ten children now attend the school which is run on a co-operative basis with all expenses shared equally among the parents. The annual redecorating is also a communal effort by the parents. The Darlings also have a son, Patrick, aged 3½



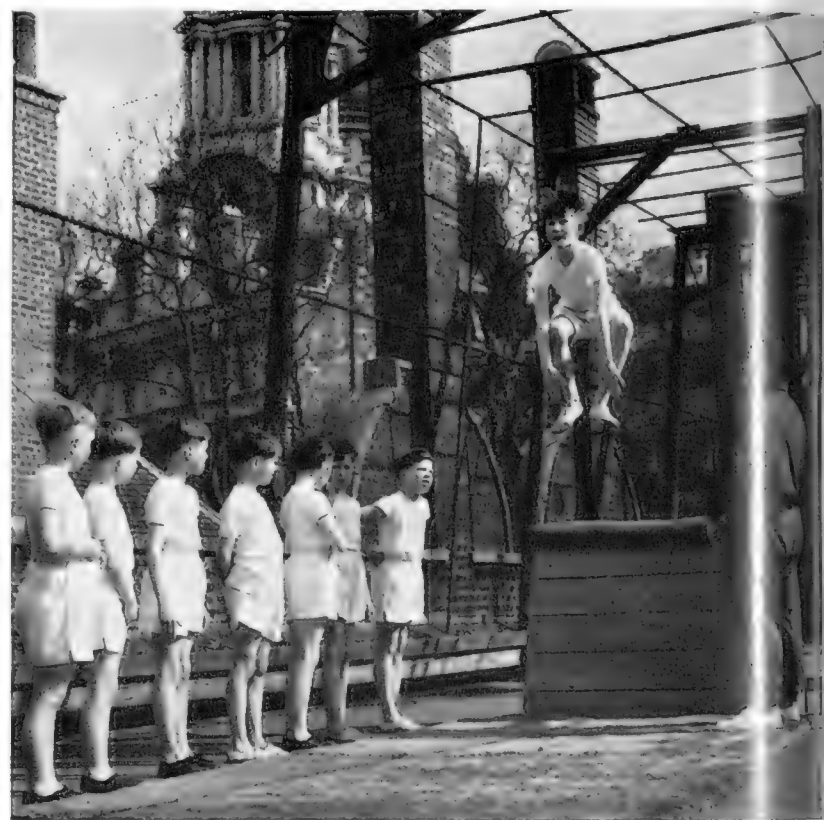


**The Rev. P. T. ("Tubby") Byard Clayton** (above) came to the City as a boy in 1892 and, apart from war service in 1914-18 when he founded the Toc H movement at Poperinghe, has lived there ever since. Vicar of All Hallows by the Tower since 1922, Dr. Clayton is also a Companion of Honour and a Queen's Chaplain. A lover of the City past and present and an authority on its history, he is now campaigning to preserve the many small bomb-site gardens now threatened by rebuilding. He is seen with the statue of an unknown Roman Emperor excavated on a building site near Trinity Square



**Mr. Robin Chapman** (left), actor, director and writer, his wife, actress and translator Gill Booty, and their son Harry are recent arrivals in the City. They were attracted by a To Let sign outside a suite of offices over the Green Man public house in Bucklersbury. Eighty stairs and no lift meant that the rent was reasonable and the City Council gave permission to build a kitchen and bathroom. The Chapmans—they met at Cambridge when Robin was president of the Marlowe Society and both were acting in University plays—now cannot imagine living anywhere else

**St. Paul's Cathedral Choir School** was founded in the 12th century for the education of Cathedral choristers. The school has 38 boarders (no day boys are admitted) and there are no fees while the boys continue to sing in the choir—all expenses being met from Cathedral funds. If a boy's voice "breaks" he can stay on at the school for an annual fee of £200. The Head Master, the Rev. J. F. M. Llewellyn, has been there four years, and the P.T. instructor coaching the boys on their roof-top playground in the shadow of St. Paul's Cathedral is Mr. P. E. Ford, who is a Maori



**Mr. Antony Brett** has been Senior Administrative Officer at St. Bartholomew's Hospital since 1948. He and his wife have a flat above the hospital; they are seen in the drawing-room with son Simon who is studying at the St. Martin's School of Art. Their daughter Vanessa is at school in Chelmsford. Mr. Brett, son of actress Zena Dare, was a chartered accountant before the war but after serving as a Major with the Black Watch he felt that he could not return to office routine. He first came to Bart's in 1947 after being offered the position of Steward at the hospital



**Mr. H. Bowen Smith** joined a City bank after the first World War and stayed there with a break for military service 1939-45 until retiring to his country home in 1959. Within three months he was complaining to his old friend, the Rev. Tubby Clayton, that he had nothing to do. Dr. Clayton suggested a helping hand at Toc H headquarters in Trinity Square where he is now installed. He concentrates on maintaining the bomb site gardens and has also made three new gardens from rubble-filled dumps. He is seen here building a rockery in the Sailors' Garden opposite the Tower



**Mrs. P. Rowell** (extreme right in the group) is a City dweller by choice and almost by birth—she was born in the Tower where her father was a Coldstream Sergeant-major. She first came to live in the City proper in 1917 when she joined her mother, then Curatrix of Dr. Johnson's House in Gough Square. They lived in a tiny cottage adjoining the house and Mrs. Rowell succeeded her mother in 1941. She is also a member of the London branch of the Pilot International Club which was founded at the Johnson House and meets there every month. With her, from left, are Miss M. Tyson, Mrs. O. Davis, liaison officer to the American Pilot International Club, Mrs. V. Bird and Mrs. Rowell's daughter, Mrs. B. Gathergood

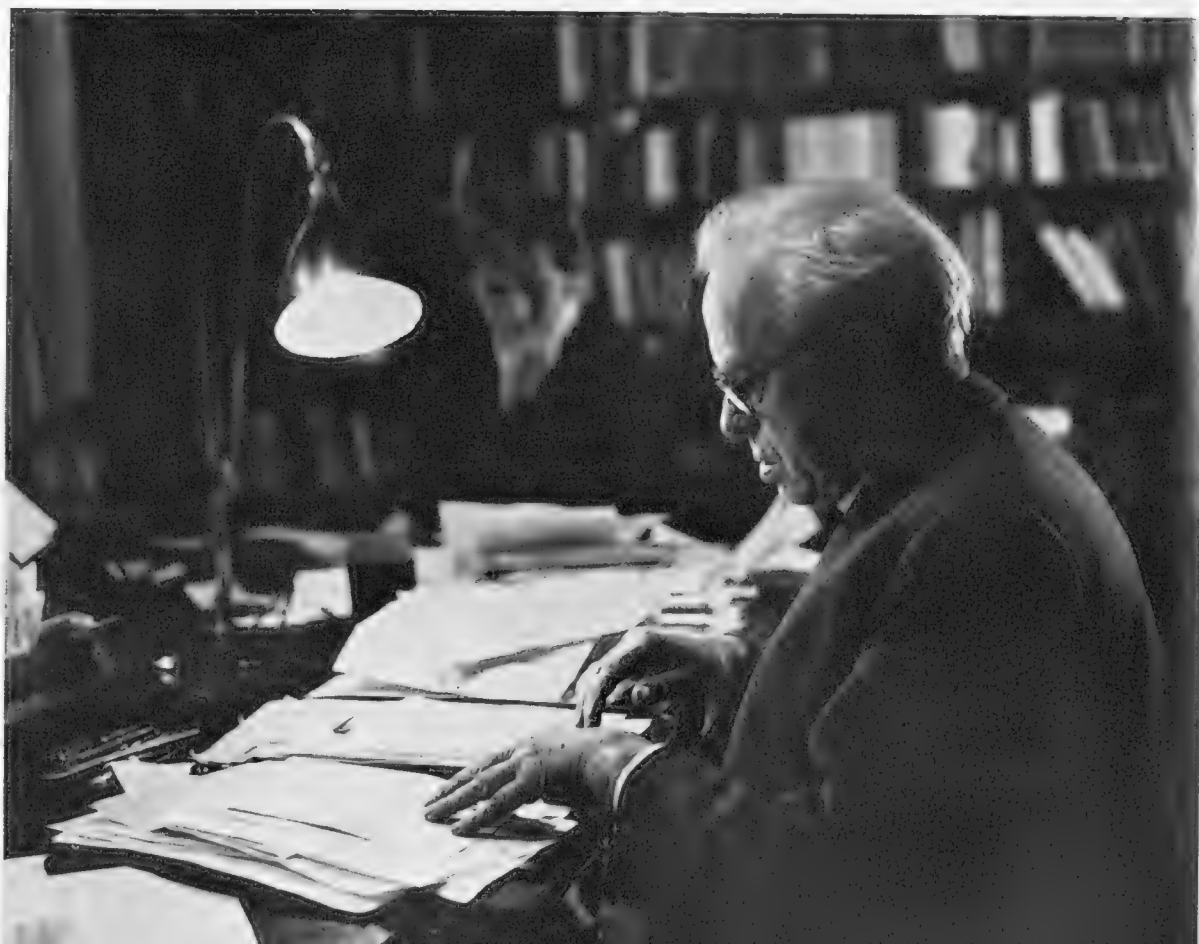


**Mr. R. A. Gardener** (behind the bar) has been a City housekeeper since 1936 and is a founder-member of the City of London Residents' Association which grew from a desire among City keepers to retain the communal spirit of wartime fire-watching days. Following a meeting called by Mr. S. W. Alexander of the City Press, the Association found its first homes in various church halls and is now housed in a temporary building set up by the City Corporation on a Barbican bomb site. Membership has fallen from peak 250 to the present 130 due to the space restrictions but Mr. Gardener hopes that expansion will come with the completion of the South Barbican development scheme. At the bar, from left, are Mr. S. Plummer, Mr. J. Neville, Mr. B. Garside, and Mr. W. Clark and his son who live in Old Drury



**Mr. W. F. Newton** (left) has been Beadle at Ironmongers' Hall since 1935. A countryman—he was in service with the Duke of Norfolk at Arundel for 11 years—he has become a fervent City dweller. Even at the height of the blitz when he and his family were unable to leave the Hall because of fires raging all around he never considered getting out of the City. He is seen in the main banquet hall checking over final detail with Head Waiter Mr. Clark

**The Very Rev. Dr. W. R. Matthews** (right) has been Dean of St. Paul's since 1934. He lives in a quiet house near one of the City's busiest intersections. The Deanery is a large secluded residence with a walled-in forecourt just a few yards from Ludgate Hill. Notable in a large body of books and theological works is his *St. Paul's in Wartime*. Dr. Matthews was also a joint-editor of *A History of St. Paul's Cathedral* and the men associated with it



Basic dress-plan for the girl-around-town  
devised by Elizabeth Dickson and  
photographed by Barry Warner on the  
skeleton of the new  
Hilton Hotel now building in Park Lane

# FABULOUS FRAMEWORK

Enticingly elegant black silk  
cloque dress with dropped shoulders  
at the front, the back draped in a low cowl.  
Garden party hat in fantasie flower petals of black  
silk organza, by James Wedge. Both to order from Liberty.







Left: Reach for the sky in a slinky rajah suit

of rippling cherry silk jersey. Beautifully  
draped batwing top over lean, tapered trews.

Galitzine at Harvey Nichols. 130 gns.

Gilt chains by Corocraft.

For the pampered party girl, her prettiest

dinner dress in black Tricel. Small,  
spare bodice trimmed in sequins and lace.

More scalloped lace encircles the hemline  
of finely pleated skirt. Susan Small at

Harrods. £18 3s. 6d. Bib of fine gilt

mesh chains, Charles Jourdan.



I splendour of the gala evening dress.

Strapless sheath in dull gold satin, gently

flared at the back and swathed across the

bodice. Candidly chic: a cover-up bolero in

gold lace re-embroidered with crystal

drops. Mandell at Bourne & Hollingsworth.

About 37 gns. White kid gloves, Morley.



Dramatic Dalmatian dress in black spotted white silk, the whirling skirt stiffened and lined in taffeta. Black satin chocolate box bow falls in wide tails to floor-length and there is a collarless, bracelet-length sleeved jacket not on show here. Christian Dior-London, 61 Park Lane, 132 gns. Jet silk parasol lined with frothy white broderie anglaise, Carita. 12 gns.

Quiet evening bistro rig. Big cog in the fashion wheel—the little black dress here in ebony wool, long topped and low hiped. Tunic slit at one side to reveal a glimpse of satin cummerbund and rosette; box pleated skirt. Fredrica at Harrods. About 11½ gns. Gilt flower pin by Corocraft at Dickins and Jones. 18s. 6d.





Bold and beautiful, the magnetic black chiffon dress. Scooped neckline and sleeveless bodice covered by a little pleated cape; more pleats for the breeze-tossed, billowing skirt. Waist caught with a narrow sash and deep red rose.

Marcel Fenez at Simpsons. Shady cartwheel hat dreamed up from a froth of black lace, Carita. 15 gns.



Slim, soft-moving little silk dress for informal supper-parties, holiday evenings. Demure, high neckline in front dips to a lower back and the skirt has a hint of a flare. Flashing tropical print of yellow and tangerine flowers. Kiki Byrne. 22 gns.

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#### OUT OF TOWN STOCKISTS

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Page 87: Susan Small black Tricel cocktail dress at J. R. Taylor, St. Annes; Nana Pearson, Sheffield

Page 88: Mandell gold satin evening dress at Chanal, Leeds; Griffin & Spalding, Nottingham

Page 90: Fredrica black wool cocktail dress at Rackhams, Birmingham; Henry Burger, Leeds

Page 91: Marcel Fenez black chiffon dress at Jenners, Edinburgh; Frank Mason & Sons Ltd., Ipswich

Permission to photograph by courtesy of

Token Construction Co., Ltd.

# SCREENS SCREENED



BARRY WARNER

~~~~~  
COUNTERSPY BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON  
~~~~~

From back to front: mid-18th-century Chinese screen panelled with birds and flowers in delicious dark colours on a black ground. Malletts, New Bond Street: £650

Grey painted screen misted with water lilies and birds, banded with bamboo. The Portmeirion Shop: £40

Swirly curly cane screen from Hong Kong at Heals: £6 17s. 6d.

Checked Indian cotton in merging of

spicy pink, chartreuse and stone. Liberty: £30

Four-fold photographic print screen in black and white with gold rims. From reproduction of Raphael frescoes in Vatican. Toynbee-Clarke, 10 Cheval Place. £40 or in any covering to order

# VERDICTS

## PLAYS

## PAT WALLACE

**PLAYING WITH FIRE & THE COLLECTION** ALDWYCH THEATRE (COLIN JEAVONS, KENNETH HAIGH, MICHAEL HORDERN, JOHN RONANE, BARBARA MURRAY, SHEILA ALLEN)

### War correspondents

IT IS EXACTLY SEVENTY YEARS SINCE Strindberg wrote his lighthearted piece. The adjective can be no more surprising to you than to me in connection with this playwright, but amusing it is, and played delicately and gaily by this mainly young company. They give the impression of perfectly understanding that the old master was preoccupied in this as in other plays with the battle of the sexes, but was doing his Scandinavian best to treat the matter lightly.

In a mood of comedy then—though it is comedy that never quite loses its undercurrent of bitter analysis—we see a young artist and his pretty wife skirmishing within the boundaries they have created for themselves, of apparent affection and trust on one side and neurotic jealousy and

indifference on the other. They are, in fact, obsessed with sex as is the artist's father who supports them so comfortably in his summer villa, and the poor but attractive relation with whom both the older and younger man quite freely dally. A bustling housewife of a mother is concerned only with producing meals on time and has evidently sublimated all her sexual problems into an anxiety about the suitability of fresh dabs for a luncheon dish.

As the jumpy, frivolous artist, ostensibly broad-minded about his wife's infatuation with a handsome visitor and quite sincerely unconcerned about his own peccadilloes, Mr. Colin Jeavons gives a neat and effective performance, far more at ease with his role than Mr. Kenneth Haigh with the less convincing part of a peripatetic charmer. But it is Miss Sheila Allen as the idle, self-dramatizing wife who scores more definitely than either, bringing to her interpretation of this feminine member of a couple of show-offs the necessary hint of wantonness and superficiality. As the father, drifting on and off the stage, sometimes to eye the younger generation sardonically and give them the benefit of a particularly obtuse comment, sometimes in Harpo-like pursuit of his own amatory objects, Mr. Michael Horder is very nearly faultless, contriving to suggest both the bourgeois father and the old lecher without underlining either aspect.

Because Strindberg was the considerable writer that he was, the sentimental or rudimentary advances and retreats in the matter that is half-game, half-conflict, take on at least a tinge of importance. His humour is sometimes cruel; it is never irrelevant. And with Mr. John Blatchley's production and at least three of the performances to commend it, this short play makes its little mark.

How new is a play which has been seen on

television screens a few days before its stage first night, and presumably by an audience of many thousands? It is an odd and wholly contemporary question, but whatever the answer is, Mr. Pinter's *The Collection* makes its real impact in the live theatre. His story is concerned with another young couple, who are in the clothes business or "rag trade" as it is more succinctly known. On a tour of duty in Leeds the wife has, or has not, had an ephemeral affair with a designer met by chance in a local hotel. The husband decides to confront the man who has or has not cuckolded him and it is their exchanges, in Mr. Pinter's familiar *non sequitur* manner, which give the play its vitality.

Nothing is ever quite resolved. The two rivals, if that is not too orthodox a term for them, strike up a kind of friendship or, at least, mutual interest, but that is complicated by the husband's deliberate ambiguity and by the interference of the designer's elderly protector, a suavely nasty piece of work admirably played by Mr. Horder. Mr. Kenneth Haigh's husband, calm, even cheerful, but consistently enigmatic, is a very good performance indeed, as good as that of Mr. John Ronane in the part of the personable young man who has been discovered in slum surroundings and encouraged to develop his natural talent for dress design; an encouragement for which he must pay, it goes without saying, in subservience to his patron. As the wife, Miss Barbara Murray is required to be good-looking, well-dressed and impassive, all of which she manages with style and ease.

The play is extremely intelligent and often funny; the acting just about impeccable, and the production, by the playwright and Mr. Peter Hall, as polished as one would expect it to be.



Barbara Murray plays a wife under suspicion, and Kenneth Haigh her bewildered husband, in Harold Pinter's *The Collection* at the Aldwych



Paul Massie and Constance Cummings in *The Genius & The Goddess* at the Comedy Theatre

## FILMS

## ELSPETH GRANT

**GUNS OF DARKNESS** DIRECTOR ANTHONY ASQUITH (LESLIE CARON, JAMES ROBERTSON JUSTICE, DAVID OPATOSHU) **FIVE FINGER EXERCISE** DIRECTOR DANIEL MANN (ROSALIND RUSSELL, JACK HAWKINS, MAXIMILIAN SCHELL, RICHARD BEYMER) **PARIS BELONGS TO US** DIRECTOR JACQUES RIVETTE (BETTY SCHNEIDER, GIANI ESPOSITO, FRANCOISE PREVOST)

## The man who meant well

UNACUSTOMED AS WE, THE BRITISH, ARE TO instant revolution—the split-second overthrow of an existing government, the immediate installation of another by force of arms—we are liable, without considering the rights and wrongs of the affair, to sympathize with the losing side simply because the winning one has, in our view, acted unconstitutionally and with needless brutality. This surely rather endearing national trait, combined with an innate obstinacy, is the cause of endless trouble for Mr. David Niven in **Guns Of Darkness**—Mr. Anthony Asquith's compelling film of Francis Clifford's novel, *Act Of Mercy*.

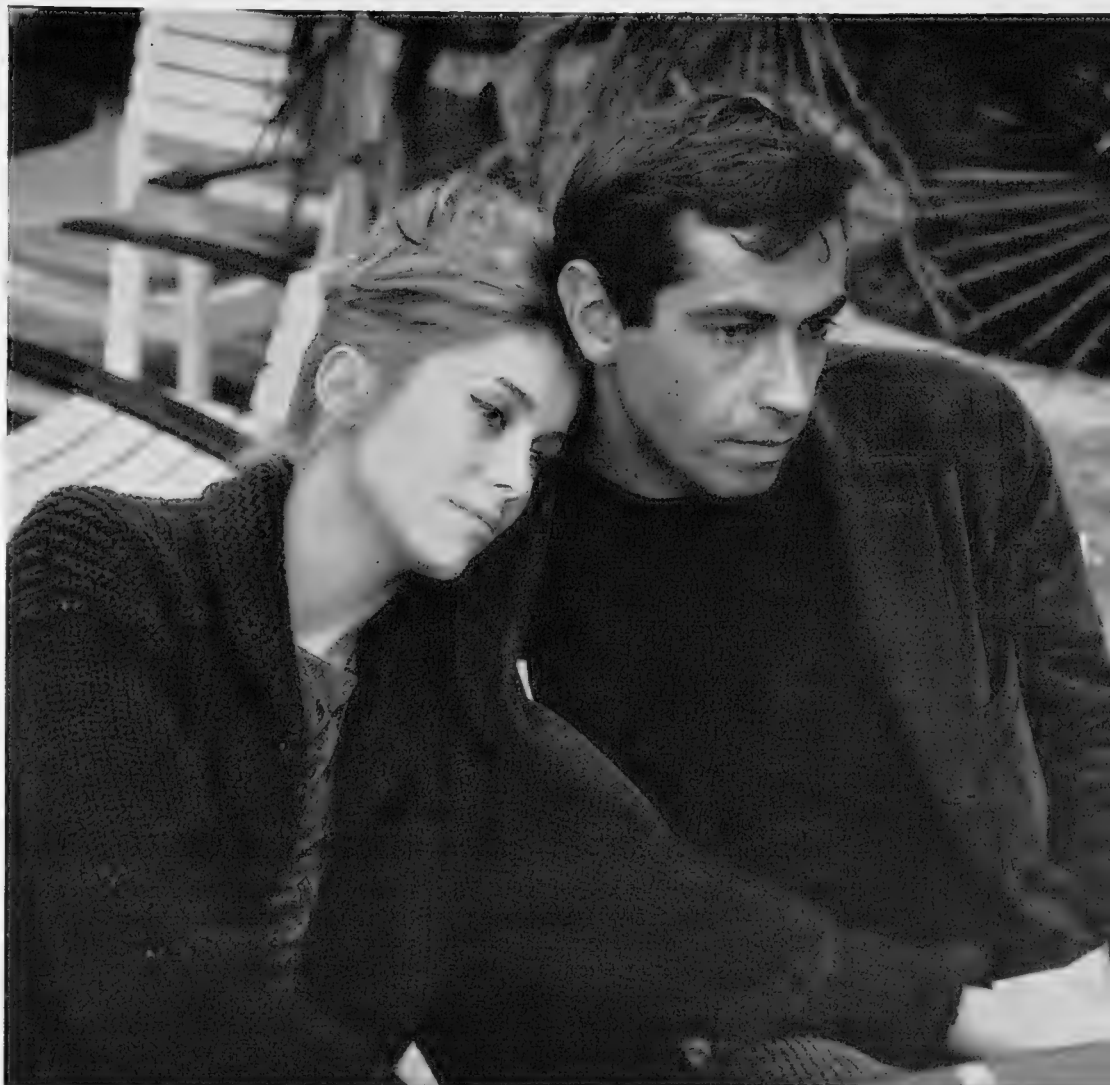
Mr. Niven, an employee of a British company in a turbulent South American republic, is not a particularly likeable chap. He hates his job, despises his boss (Mr. James Robertson Justice), drinks heavily, behaves abominably at parties and is a source of grief to his wife, Mlle. Leslie Caron. He is the last person one would expect to risk his life and sacrifice his peace of mind for a matter of principle—and yet this is precisely what he does.

Revolution breaks out overnight in the capital city of Tribulacion (the tension in these scenes is tremendous): the President, Mr. David Opatoshu, is deposed, the army chief takes over—and Mr. Niven is sickened by the sight of the jubilant soldiery shooting down apparently innocent and harmless civilians in the streets. Mr. Robertson Justice advises him solemnly against making any move that could prejudice the interests of the company—but when Mr. Niven finds the wounded ex-President in hiding at his estancia, his one instinct is to help the man escape.

Circumstances (spine-chilling) force his wife to join him in his attempt to smuggle Mr. Opatoshu out of the country, and the perils they share on the difficult journey draw her closer to him than she has ever been before and strengthen his love for her. An ugly incident involving a small boy who comes upon the fugitives disillusiones Mr. Niven as to the character of the man he is rescuing: the ex-President is as ruthless as his successor and just as capable of murder for self-survival. Nothing, to Mr. Niven's mind, could be more despicable.

The bitter irony of the story lies in the fact that, when pursuing troops catch up with them as they reach the border, it becomes expedient for Mr. Niven himself to kill a man to save them all from the death penalty. As he takes the dreadful decision one could weep—not for the young soldier who is to die but for Mr. Niven, who will have to live with the knowledge that he has betrayed everything he believes in.

Mr. Niven gives one of his finest performances in this absorbing and compassionate film and Mlle. Caron is more moving than



*Stormy petrel of the French cinema Roger Vadim and his fiancée, actress Catherine Deneuve, took a short holiday at St. Tropez when they met after filming in Florence and Collioure respectively. Vadim, former husband of Brigitte Bardot and Annette Stroyberg, has been making a picture called The Warrior's Rest*

I had thought possible. Those who had come to regard her as something in the nature of a permanent waif will be astonished.

Though I did not see the play on which it is based, I seemed to detect a number of wrong notes in **Five Finger Exercise**. An appealing young German, Herr Maximilian Schell, is introduced into a rich American household as "tootor" to a teenage girl, Miss Annette Gorman, and the piece is concerned with the emotional ructions he inadvertently causes in the maladjusted family. Pop (Mr. Jack Hawkins), a thick-skinned vulgarian with shocking table manners, regards the refined and sensitive young man with dislike and suspicion. Mom (Miss Rosalind Russell), an arrant snob and a vulture for culture, makes a pet of "the poor boy"—thus arousing the jealousy of her son (Mr. Richard Beymer), a mixed-up college student with (I thought, I may be wrong) slight homosexual tendencies. Miss Gorman, the likeliest character to go overboard one way or another for the handsome young "tootor," remains singularly undisturbed by his presence.

The father conceives a violent hatred for the tutor, which is not surprising as the son, for some reason he cannot himself explain, tells his Pop that he has seen Mom and the German embracing passionately. It is untrue, but one cannot help noticing in her loving glances a suggestion that it would not be unthinkable. Hypocrite that she is, she kids herself that her affection

for the tutor is purely maternal—but when, after she has successfully kidded him along the same lines, he humbly asks if he may call her "mother" she is so livid that she instantly dismisses him. The near-tragedy that follows, we are given to understand, shocks all members of the family into understanding one another better. Well, bully for them—but why an attempted suicide should give Mr. Hawkins a taste for *petit-point* I'll never know.

I'll never know, either, what **Paris Belongs To Us** is supposed to be about—unless it's mass paranoia. There is a hazy suggestion that "a world-wide organization is contriving to plunge civilization into anarchy"—but the only thing that actually happens is that a penniless theatrical producer, struggling to stage a production of Shakespeare's *Pericles*, is driven to suicide by the impossibility of getting his cast to stay put for five minutes at a stretch.

Everybody in Paris seems to have some dark secret—and never, as far as I am concerned, was a secret better kept. Maybe I dropped off in the course of what the film's makers describe as "its twisting, enigmatic and enthralling 140 minutes"—or how could I have failed to see that it makes clear "a deep and pervasive fear of political extremism and atomic anarchy, and by implication a rejection of the emotional and social nihilism so generally maintained by the other new direction in France." Whatever that means.

## BOOKS SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

**CATCH-22** BY JOSEPH HELLER (CAPE, 21s.)  
**HENRY'S WAR** BY JEREMY BROOKS (MACMILLAN, 16s.) **FOOL IN LOVE** BY KATHERINE TREVELYAN (GOLLANCZ, 25s.) **THE THIRTEEN CLOCKS & THE WONDERFUL O** BY JAMES THURBER (PUFFIN BOOKS, 4s.)

### Despairing joke

BY NOW EVERYONE EXCEPT THE DEDICATED fanatics who read nothing but books about wild animals must know that *Catch-22* by Joseph Heller is about a squadron of American airmen during the last war based on a small island in the Mediterranean. I had thought that, no matter what became of everyone else, I was the one to whom a realistic scene of agony inside a bomber couldn't happen any more. In fact if—with any luck—*Catch-22* turned out to be the last novel written about the war, it would make a suitable and worthy finale. Almost everyone in it, especially the senior officers—who crave promotion and constantly increase the requisite number of combat missions in order to gain it—and the hero Yossarian are more than halfway round the bend. They won't send you home unless you ask on the grounds of insanity, and if you're able to ask it's proof enough you're sane. Yossarian suddenly realizes that a whole lot of people are dead set on killing him. He survives, though a great many others die senselessly, nauseatingly, and with a noticeable absence of heroism and glory.

If anyone still needed one last screechingly anti-heroic farcical war novel, this is it. The hospital scenes, especially those centred round a motionless white bundle of bandages that the other patients believe

may be hollow like a chocolate soldier, are especially hilarious, though one can hardly believe it as one reads nervously through them.

It is in fact a very funny book indeed—necessarily so, since if one feels as frantic about a subject as Mr. Heller clearly does, there is no choice but to be funny about it. There is perhaps something a little mysterious about the book—the jacket does not state whether Mr. Heller is writing from first-hand experience, and apparently the book took from 1953 until 1961 to write. It is a good deal too long, I think, and would have gained enormously by being cut down into a spare little joke of lethal potential. Nevertheless it remains a dangerously purging experience that I think no one should miss.

War is with us this week, and nothing less like *Catch-22* than *Henry's War* could be imagined. The English novel is by Jeremy Brooks, a writer for whom I have cherished a great affection since the adorable *Jampot Smith*. Where Heller sees incident through the distorting glass of extreme anger and despair, Brooks's hero—another coward but very different—is our most popular figure in fiction, the gentle, puzzled, thinking man who wants to be left alone.

Henry is a nice pacifist writing spy-stories in his flat, with an unpleasant bossy fiancée who marches to Aldermaston. Call-up papers over trouble with the Castillian Islands cause Henry to take to the hills in Wales, where he finds a cosier girl-friend and is talked into another point of view. It is an unboastful, minor novel that does not entirely come off—partly, I think, because it feels as though it was written to illustrate an argument, and partly because some of the characters, the girls especially, seem to me to be not much more than unsatisfactory preliminary sketches.

Despite this, the whole tone of the book

is enormously intelligent and taking, and leaves one very much liking the way Mr. Brooks thinks, which today is saying a great deal.

*Briefly... Fool In Love* by Katherine Trevelyan is the alternately despondent and jubilant autobiography of a troubled lady (G. M. Trevelyan is her uncle) who married a German, attempted suicide, went through a total collapse, became involved first with the Rudolf Steiner teaching and then with Subud and has come out the other side into some sort of faith—precisely what, I never quite understood. It is a pathetic record of a deeply disturbed personality, obviously painfully sincere, and I think what you get out of it will depend how much you can stand the over-intensity and steaminess of a book written by someone who is clearly a very nice honest woman but not, perhaps, a born writer....

And lastly, Puffins have brought out a Searle-illustrated edition of *The Thirteen Clocks* and *The Wonderful O* by Thurber. There are some who do not hold *The Thirteen Clocks* to be among the six greatest stories ever written, but such persons are not worth serious consideration. It is about the cold Duke of Coffin Castle who has slain time and wiped his bloody sword upon its beard, about Zorn of Zorna and Princess Saralinda, about the only Golux in the world who is not a mere Device and has an indescribable hat and a describable beard, about being slit from the guggle to the zatch.

It is about Hagga who laughs temporary jewels and about the terrible Todal that is made of lip, that gleeps, looks like a blob of glup, makes a sound like rabbits screaming and smells like old unopened rooms. It gets the cold Duke in the end. Quite a lot of *The Thirteen Clocks* mysteriously scans and even from time to time rhymes. It is possibly too much to expect anyone to take its extreme and weird magic on trust without reading it for themselves.

## RECORDS GERALD LASCELLES

**CONTROVERSIAL SUITE** BY DUKE ELLINGTON  
**LAMBERT-HENDRICKS-ROSS SING DUKE ELLINGTON; EXCITING TERRY GIBBS BIG BAND; THE EXCITING HAMP IN EUROPE** BY LIONEL HAMPTON **ABOARD THE DIXIE HI-FLYER** BY MIFF MOLE **MIS'RY & THE BLUES** BY JACK TEAGARDEN **WEST SIDE STORY** BY OSCAR PETERSON

### Outings for extroverts

THE NEWS OF ELLINGTON'S RAPID RECOVERY after a recent operation made heartening news for his countless fans. My well-informed friends tell me that his enforced convalescence was largely taken up by work on a Broadway musical. The title—*The Red Petticoat*—recalls Duke's obsession for themes that embrace colours in their titles, nearly always accenting red or blue. His *Controversial Suite* (BBE12521) is a leg-pulling EP of 1951 origin, with Dukish Dixieland as the motif for *Before my time*, and something slicker but less purposeful as a counterpart, *Later*. I wonder whether Philips could tell us what sort of controversy the rest of this suite raised?

Despite my admiration for most of the performances by the Lambert-Hendricks-

Ross trio, I find their attempt at re-creating Ellington themes disappointing (SBBL670). The reason is two-fold; they cannot hope to match with three voices the wealth of harmony that Ellington's book provides; and the instrumental solos are too subtle for the personal insinuations they contain to be captured by mere vocal imitations.

Some impressive swinging music comes from the *Exciting Terry Gibbs Big Band* (CSD1439), a new album by the youngest of the big groups to appear on the American scene. Gibbs himself is a vibraphonist of some repute, and uses the band to back his own solo work to good effect. It means a great deal more to me, musically, than the rather purposeless drum bashing which dominates *The Exciting Hamp in Europe* (EMB3342). The latter is nothing but a vehicle for Lionel Hampton, his vibraphone, his drummer, and odd snatches of his band. The strange link is the dominant Kansas City influence which reveals itself in both groups.

Miff Mole must be almost as legendary a character on trombone as Jack Teagarden, but the music Miff was playing shortly before his death in 1961 sounds far more inspired. His recently released album, *Aboard the Dixie Hi-Flyer* (32-160), has nothing to do with trains, but is an exemplary work in the Dixieland field. A non-jazz-loving friend dropped in the first time I

played this, and promptly went into raptures. He just felt instinctively that this was good jazz, without having grown up in the era of Red Nichols or the Original Memphis Five, two groups which did much to establish Miff's name. On this session *Miffany* must surely be the outstanding track in a mixed bag of evergreens and originals where everyone contributes their best. Teagarden's *Mis'ry and the Blues* (CLP1542) presents similar fare, with all the life gone out of it. Only trumpeter Don Goldie shows any appreciable enthusiasm, and most of this is devoted to high-note exhibitionism. Pianist Don Ewell strives manfully to restore life to Morton's classic *Froggie Moore Rag*, but even he is reduced to a shadow of his usual self.

A few weeks ago I complained that *West Side Story* had never received fair treatment in the jazz sphere of interpretation. Now I can report that Oscar Peterson's trio romp through the six main themes (CLP 1563) with commendable results. There is an opening out-of-tempo which is so reminiscent of Tatum that I thought for a moment that I had put the wrong record on the turntable! Here, after so many substandard showings, Oscar really proves how he can use the piano, breaking away from the Bernstein score where it suits him, and lapsing back into it for much of this possessing album.

# GALLERIES ROBERT WRAIGHT

ARTHUR BOYD WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY

## The Boyd prodigy

WHEN ARTHUR BOYD FIRST SHOWED HIS WORK in this country—at the Zwemmer Gallery in 1960—I wrote: “I fervently hope that when this rare, sensitive Australian returns to London for a retrospective exhibition in 1962 we shall find that his ‘vision’ is still with him.”

Well, here is the retrospective exhibition at the Whitechapel Art Gallery. But Boyd has not returned for it for the simple reason that he never went away. Apart from a short, but important, trip to Italy he has spent the past two years in London and proposes to stay here indefinitely. In spite of this I am able to report that his “vision,” far from deserting him, has carried him on to even finer achievements than those of the *Half-caste bride* series of paintings that so impressed me two years ago. Those paintings, in which a dark blue blackfellow is stalked through the Australian bush by the haunting image of a deathly white little bride, seemed then to be the products of some mysterious form of spontaneous generation, without antecedents and, presumably, without progeny. But now we are able to see not only where they came from, but also what they have led to. Even so, some knowledge of the facts of Boyd’s artistic life are necessary if we are to understand his curious development.

The most important of these facts is that it was not until 1959, when he was nearly 40 and had come to this country, that he first had an opportunity to study the works of the Masters in the original. He had been brought up on reproductions and through them had been influenced first by Van Gogh and then by Breughel. Standing surrounded by his work at the gallery the other day he told me that when he first saw a Van Gogh original he was amazed at the “roughness” of the texture. Then, pointing to one of the many Breughel-like landscapes on show he said, “It looks like a reproduction, doesn’t it? All neat and tidy.”

In order to get the “neat and tidy” quality of reproductions he began to paint in tempera and still frequently uses this medium, sometimes in conjunction with oil paint. At about the same time alien figures began to people his landscapes which, until then, had been literal interpretations of the Australian scene. Then followed a number of canvases in which Biblical incidents were set in Australian landscapes and townscapes in somewhat the same way as Stanley Spencer set them in Cookham village.

The literary, or illustrative, quality which entered his work at this time persisted until he came to England. The *Half-caste bride* pictures illustrate an unwritten allegory on the theme of Australia’s half-caste problem. They are painted, as Boyd readily admits, without any special feeling for paint quality. In fact, he does not seem to have become conscious of this element in picture making until he began to study the masterpieces of such artists as Rembrandt and Titian in the

National Gallery. The revelation has produced a revolution in his work. Subject matter is no longer primary. His latest paintings are not paintings of something, for paint and subject are inseparable, the subject now has no existence apart from the paint.

The poet Thomas Blackburn, who has written *A footnote For A Painting By Arthur Boyd* in the catalogue, makes this point well in his opening lines:

*Certainly we affirm this as a truth  
Though the statement it makes is hard to  
assess*

*In terms other than itself. . . .*

How one of the strangest and most beautiful of these recent paintings (Boyd calls it, prosaically, *Nude catching goldfish*) evolved from earlier work may be seen, at least in part, at the exhibition. It began with a drawing made from life of an aborigine crouching crabwise to drink from a water-hole. This drawing inspired, first, the several paintings of the half-caste bride sprawling in her wedding dress to drink from a pool and, later, a series of nudes in similar positions. Then extraordinary things began to happen to the nudes. One began to turn into a dragonfly, others began to float, some lost their bodies, others their arms. The floaters floated over dark ponds admiring their own reflections. Then suddenly one of them saw, in place of her reflection, the glow of a goldfish. And in that moment her arms and legs were turned to silver fish. . . .

I am already impatient for this artist’s next exhibition to find out what happened next.



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selection that covers so many traditional and contemporary styles they can please everyone. We’re certainly pleased with our Dining Suite. The finish is in selected walnut veneers. 6’ 3” Table extending to 7’ 6” x 3’ 0” costs £63.13.6. 6’ 6” Sideboard with cupboards lined with sycamore and fitted with sycamore shelves, £89.4.3. French

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Hair achieves a fly-away feeling with the help of a detachable switch that makes a ballast for feminine floating styles. This Romantic Movement in hair is a good foil for a frill and must be cut short or topped up to take the fast coming polo neck. Bursting, bubbling, beautiful hair in the picture is by Raphael who uses switches too. Fluffiest, lightest new conditioner for a pale-nailed look is the old idea of the buff-on polish. But this one gives twice the shine, waterproofs and contains a mineral to prevent chipping, splitting and peeling. Firma-Nail from 1 August. Revlon: 10s. 6d. Lightest new hair spray that disappears at the stroke of a brush sells fast in France, is new over here. Its packaging is just as new and good: a crystal blue bottle that can't blow up in a carry-around size or an economy canister. Elnett hairspray by L'Oreal who have re-formulated Tress which is one of the cheapest and best conditioners/setters in the shops—1s. 10d. or 3s. for a big size. Tress neutralizes the irritating build-up of static electricity in hair. Shadowy underplayed rims to eyes with a solid mascara like a block of water colour that paints on softly, easily. Smoky black or brown, Gala's water colour Brush Line costs 7s. 9d. Their good new idea is a selection of small pots of nail polish, called Little Gems. There is one special pale, gilded one called Gold Standard that is a pretty accessory for brown hands. Pale, magnolia skins can take on a bit of a tan with a light lotion like Harriet Hubbard Ayer's Sun Milk in the tinted version. If pale skins get burnt up by the sun, a dose of a new light moisture lotion by Phyllis Scott-Lesley will help. Magnolia creamy moisture lotion contains a germicide, is soothing and makes a good transparently matt foundation for young skins.

## THE LIGHTER THEY FALL

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## DINING IN

Helen Burke

### *Lesson of the peppers*

WHAT KIND OF COOK ARE YOU? Do you stick to the recipe or do you use your own ideas and incorporate items in an established dish that were never originally there? Or do you leave out *this* in preference for *that*? Well, I have to confess that I very often "create" dishes with ingredients that I happen to have on hand. Very often, too, I discover later on that someone else had already thought of them. Which shows how difficult it is to be original.

Many years ago, in the Okanagan Valley in British Columbia, I met for the first time green, red and yellow sweet peppers. A neighbouring fruit rancher brought them along and neither my hostess nor myself knew what to do with them. I remember picking up one and remarking on its lightness. It was obviously hollow. I suggested stuffing them and that is what we did. Later, when I came to this country I found people doing exactly that with the peppers. We also use them raw in salads, include them in various stews and, in the case of the red sweet peppers, grill them to char the skins and make them easy to remove, then dress them in oil for an hors d'oeuvre.

Later still, when I was in the south of France, I found that sweet peppers were a very important part of RATATOUILLE, a famous Mediterranean dish. Anyone who is interested in cookery may get an idea at the most unexpected time. A chance remark may lead to it. This happened to me recently in Sweden, far away from the Côte d'Azur. Why not combine chicken with Ratatouille? This is exactly what I did on my return. We all agree that broilers, being very young, are like veal a little lacking in flavour and need some sort of titivating, and this is just the dish to do it. One broiler chicken will serve three persons. I suggest two birds for four servings, when any left over will make an excellent cold dish next day. You will need a large deep frying-pan or, better still, a large shallow enamelled casserole, because I think that this particular combination of chicken and vegetables should be served from the dish in which it is cooked.

Disjoint two chickens. Place the carcasses and giblets in a pot with an onion, a carrot and a bouquet garni, cover with water and simmer for stock for

chicken soup. Pour a small coffee cup of olive or other vegetable oil into the frying-pan or casserole, and in it fry the chicken pieces to a pale gold tone all over. Lift them out and keep them hot while you "build up" the remainder of the dish.

Fry in the oil 1 to 2 chopped onions, adding a little more oil if necessary. Add at the same time a finely chopped or crushed clove of garlic or the juice from one squeezed through a garlic press. Next, add a pound of thickly sliced peeled courgettes, then 2 to 3 deseeded green peppers, cut into 1-inch squares, and on this lay the pieces of chicken. Season the layers with salt and pepper as you go. Finally, add a pound of sliced skinned tomatoes and season them. Sprinkle a tablespoon of oil over all, cover and cook gently for about 40 minutes.

One Ratatouille ingredient—aubergines—has been left out. I prefer the dish without them, but if you like add them by all means. Some chopped parsley could be added but the flavour of the other vegetables is, I think, enough.

A sweet which I have not made for a long time is COFFEE REFRIGERATOR CAKE. It is just the sweet for anyone who has to prepare as much of a meal as possible a day in advance. Indeed, this one is all the better if it has a rest in the refrigerator overnight. A soufflé dish, 6½ inches in diameter and 2½ inches deep, is required. Brush the inside with tasteless oil. Line it with sponge fingers, slightly overlapping each other. Have a base of sponge fingers. Next, cream together 4 oz. of butter and 4 oz. of vanilla sugar (or caster sugar and a few drops of vanilla essence). Beat them until they are fluffy. Slowly beat in 2 egg yolks, one at a time. Finally, gradually add ½ pint of strong black coffee so as not to separate the mixture.

Turn this mixture into the lined dish and top it with more sponge fingers. Put a weighted plate on top and leave in the refrigerator until next day. Whip together ¼ pint double cream, 2 tablespoons of top milk and a pinch of sugar until almost but not quite stiff. Unmould the sweet. Spread the top and sides with the cream and sprinkle them with grated chocolate or flaked browned almonds. Sometimes, I add to and whip in the cream not more than a dessertspoon of rum.



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*Helena Rubinstein*

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K. WESTCOTT JONES

# THE NEW FACE OF HOLLYWOOD



NOW AND THEN: The Capitol Record building—one of the few round office blocks in the world—at the junction of Hollywood and Vine and (below) an undeveloped site near Wilshire Boulevard photographed in 1919

Nearly seven million people live in the sprawling city of Los Angeles spread over 455 square miles, and there are an estimated 700 new arrivals every day. But the magnet that draws them is no longer the motion picture industry; Hollywood has become a minor employer compared to the massive industrial plants built in southern California since 1941. But it remains the glamour capital of the world and a key tourist attraction. The booths and stools at Schwab's drug store on Sunset Boulevard are far less crowded with young hopefuls than they were when casting directors were apt to drop in and scout for likely talent. Almost everyone working in this massive Los Angeles suburb is still, of course, a "resting" actor or actress, though the elevator girl, doorman, parking attendant, or waiter tends these days to be a "character" filling in between occasional bit parts. But the huge armies of Hollywood extras have now dispersed to safer jobs in factories, while the epics are being made in Rome and India, Spain and Japan, where human hiring costs are more in keeping with the film industry's modern budgets.

Still, Hollywood is over the worst of its depression. Mr. Gordon Stulberg, Vice-President of Columbia Pictures Corporation, told me in the executive dining-room (a cramped austere chamber dating, like the studios, from the early 'twenties) at the Gower Street studios that movie magnates have grown tired of trying to make epics overseas. "We get police interference in Paris, strikes in Britain, riots in Japan, persistent tropical rains in the Pacific, political troubles in Africa, accidents in Italy. Now we reckon to come back to Hollywood, face up to initial high costs, but get good weather and sound experience so we can finish on schedule."

The *Cleopatra* delays have been crippling while, at Culver City, M-G-M coped quicker with their mammoth *Mutiny on the Bounty* spread over four sets and life-size *Bountys*

built by expert craftsmen under studio roofs, than in Tahiti where, because of wet weather, only 15 minutes of film could be shot in more than three months.

Widely scattered, the various film studios have a dowdy air and give the impression of having seen better days. But some of them are quite busy making short films for television, and Hollywood has no general appearance of hard times.

Though the "Sunset Strip"—the mile of nightclubs, expensive restaurants and garages along the western part of Sunset Boulevard—has seen brighter days, and the famous intersection of Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street is star-studded only because the city authorities have put glittering insets engraved with glamour names into the paving stones, it is rarely possible to enter any leading restaurant for dinner and find a vacant table. A mere 10 dollars a head for a meal is regarded as chicken feed anywhere outside the downtown Los Angeles area. But then Hollywood is a small town; not in actual size but in the sense that the same people frequent the same spots all the time.

With more than three million private cars registered in the city and contributing—when the wind is slack—to the hated "smog," the picture seems affluent. It is easy to forget that a quarter of a million are out of work, either due to shortage of films when unemployment is chronic, or to recession in big aircraft plants, when it is acute. The big money today is being made by real estate not movie people. The successful exploitation of property in the face of undreamed-of expansion has resulted in million dollar fortunes being paid for ground bought only ten years ago for twenty thousand.

Crowding out of the flat lands, the city of Los Angeles has crossed the Santa Monica Mountains, swept into—and filled—the San Fernando Valley, and thrown its tentacles into other valleys where the price of land



climbs furiously. Elder citizens, mainly English and Scandinavian, who came to the dry, healthy Hollywood Hills on medical recommendations before World War One, when moving pictures were in their infancy, recall the great expanse of cornfields and scrub between Los Angeles and the village of Hollywood. Now sites 12 miles from the heart of the city along Wilshire Boulevard are being fought over at many thousands of dollars per square foot. Open land no longer exists all the way to the Pacific shore.

Residents in the quiet hills and canyons only three miles north of Hollywood Boulevard have escaped the spreading surge and live in a semi-Bohemian style, but with considerable fire risks—in dry weather with a brisk breeze flames can sweep through the hillside homes at 70 miles an hour. Coyotes still roam these hills, and Lady Smith, widow of Sir C. Aubrey Smith, the cricketer-film star, told me she recalled the days when bear would wander into the gardens. A wonderfully active and trim woman, now 91, Lady Smith lives up a steep and twisty canyon road leading off the burned ruins of a mansion once owned by Houdini.

Other big homes lie in ruins still, and last year's fires caused further havoc. Beverly Hills is a city on its own, completely surrounded by Los Angeles, but so proud of avoiding encroachment that a memorial stands to record the efforts of early stars who kept it "independent." There are no real hills, only slight undulations among the trim lawns, and the fire risk affects only that part of it bordering the canyons of the Hollywood Hills. Beverly Hills has its own police force, which often makes news by arresting pedestrians, unknowing British ones usually, who learn the hard way that to be on foot, particularly after dark, is highly suspicious.

Despite the incredible number of cars, parking is no great problem in Los Angeles



8th Street, Los Angeles, in 1924 and (below) Hollywood South in 1929



Hollywood in 1929 as the boom years began



or Beverly Hills, thanks to intelligent and reasonably priced off-street parking and a special "validation" system. Any restaurant or store anxious for business maintains its own car park, and a parking clerk takes your car from you and puts it away while you eat or shop. On emerging with "validated" evidence that you have spent money, your car is brought round without charge. There are also "12 minutes for 1 cent" meters for quick shoppers.

Starved of public transport, the only way of travelling the huge distances is by car. Fortunately British visitors may drive for a reasonable period on their own licences without applying to take a California State test. I used a huge Buick Electra, a powered-steering, powered brakes, automatic car, at home both on the flat lands where it blended with hundreds of thousands of similar monsters and among the narrow Hollywood Hills, where, curiously enough, it was unique amid great numbers of British and Continental small cars.

The bursting, incredible sprawl of Los Angeles, often described as a mass of urban developments in search of a centre, attracts visitors from as far as 6,000 miles. The film studios have lost pride of place to such marvels as the Marineland of the Pacific, where trained whales wear Easter bonnets and dolphins leap through fiery hoops, or Disneyland on the Santa Anna Freeway, where children are goggle-eyed at adventures in Tomorrowland, Frontierland, Fantasyland, and Main Street U.S.A. Television has brought fame to the *Roaring Twenties*, where Paul Cummins from Chicago offers a replica of things as "Hollywood-would-have-us-believe-they-were," while thousands of TV addicts go along Sunset Boulevard in search of Number 77. . . .

**Note:** B.O.A.C. now flies three times a week to Los Angeles, making the 10½ hour, 5,500 mile flight non-stop Eastbound.

## ROSES AND ROSE GROWING

G. S. Fletcher

*Summer work: 2*

THERE ARE JOBS ESSENTIAL TO THE GOOD cultivation of roses during the summer that cannot be avoided if the plants are to be kept healthy, and give a constant supply of bloom. I don't wish to discourage potential rose growers by a lengthy list of tasks; there is a point at which one can become over-fussy in a garden and then it becomes a burden instead of a pleasure. Nevertheless, roses, perhaps more than any other plants, respond generously to careful cultivation, and summer tasks can easily be reduced to a system. Faded roses should be removed as soon as they are noticed, and it is well to cut each stem well back just above a joint. The removal of the wood is an encouragement to the rose to produce sturdy shoots for succession. You must use a sharp knife or secateurs and make a clean cut.

Roses are best gathered early in the morning, before the sun has dried the dew,

and then stood for a time in a bucket of cold water. It is not advisable to cut too many roses from a bush at one time. The removal of suckers which grow from the roots of Hybrid Tea, Tea and Hybrid Perpetual roses is a matter needing constant attention. Standard roses have suckers also, either from the base or occasionally from higher up the briar stem. This does not apply, of course, to roses grown on their own roots, i.e. from cuttings. Most bedding roses today are, however, grown on briar stock of some kind and suckers from it would eventually destroy the cultivated rose it has been forced to nourish. Suckers are not always easy to distinguish, but are to be known from their pale, more divided foliage, usually with seven leaves to the spray. In the case of old-fashioned varieties this leaf test does not necessarily apply. Suckers, however,

can still be recognized by their light green stems with large spines.

The true shoots of old-fashioned roses, i.e. moss, cabbage, and so on, have a multitude of hairy spines. In case of indecision, the only way is to trace the sucker back to its beginnings and if it springs from a point well below the union of variety and the stock—below the swelling or knuckle—then it is a sucker and must be removed cleanly with a sharp knife as close to the stem or root as you can get. The surrounding soil must then be replaced. Besides keeping the Dutch hoe going, as I mentioned last time, there is the question of feeding. Liquid manure properly diluted can be given at fortnightly intervals; for preference after rain, otherwise after watering. The dry fertilizers, such as Clay's and Tonk's, are both excellent, and don't forget to spray against pests.

## MOTORING

Dudley Noble

Country style

VINEYARDS STRETCHING UP THE FOOTHILLS OF the Vosges and the frequent appearance on the signboards of "Route du Vin" reminded me continually that in Alsace the wine industry is predominant. And the purring engine of the Austin Seven Countryman in which I was travelling made it clear that all roads come alike to this product of our Midlands—where such a large proportion of the population rely on motor manufacturing as *their* staple industry. It was only a few hours since I had been driving the little Austin along the motorway towards London, and less than three since the air ferry took off from Southend and deposited my car, passengers and baggage on the tarmac at Strasbourg shortly before noon. All the long and rather dreary grind across Northern France had been cut out to bring us into the heart of this smiling Alsatian scenery.

The Austin Seven may look a small car—in fact it is one when the schedule of rates for cross-Channel transportation is consulted; at 10 feet overall length it qualifies for the cheapest of all motor car fares. Yet there is nothing cramped about its interior even when four people are aboard, with (especially in the case of the Countryman estate car version) a surprising amount of space for luggage. With one suitcase apiece, plus a few odd packages, our whole party was self-contained and could still find room for bits and pieces, maps and handbags, in the capacious pockets in doors and body sides. Hardly one cubic inch is wasted in this cleverly arranged car, whose engine, gearbox and transmission take up a minimum of space. There is no hump in the centre of the floor to allow for the rise and fall of a propeller shaft, due to its front wheel drive.

Just as the accommodation which the Austin Seven (or Morris Mini-Minor if you prefer, because they are almost identical, even to price) offers comes as a surprise in relation to the car's overall size, so its performance exceeds what might be expected of an engine with such modest dimensions. There is nothing "mini" about the performance, and on the hilly and rather winding Alsatian roads the main problem was to know how to get safely past some of the apparently power-starved foreign small cars which cluttered the roads. With a maximum speed of just over 70 m.p.h. and good acceleration if proper use is made of the 4-speed gearbox, the Seven is well suited to touring as well as being an almost unsurpassed means of nipping through congested towns, such as Strasbourg and Colmar. As for parking, the narrow (4 ft. 7½ in.) width and the excellent visibility from the driving seat made reversing easy and precise. Added to all this, the petrol consumption of around 45 miles to the gallon, obtained quite regularly during this 500-mile trip, made running cost a more or less trivial matter. The Austin Seven Countryman (and Morris Mini Traveller) is listed at £604 inclusive of purchase tax, £108 more than the ordinary saloon and £69 more than the de luxe saloon, but offering the advantage of extra interior space and a rear door. Those who want their car to carry large or bulky loads on occasion would be well advised to give these estate car versions of the British Motor Corpora-

tion's smallest models a close look-over and test; my experience of them during this trip to Alsace with Channel Air Bridge could hardly have been more pleasant or satisfactory.

There was a time when motoring adventure made good reading even if the foreign parts concerned were not so very far afield. Nowadays it takes a lot to make a saleable book on the subject and one of the few that have come my way recently is by two young Frenchmen, Jean-Claude Baudot and Jacques Séguéla. It is called **Drive Round the World**, and that is literally what the pair did, on a 2CV Citroën. They covered 60,000 miles, crossed eight deserts and visited 50 countries; some of their more notable incidents included being kidnapped by Burmese pirates in Thailand, nearly forced into marrying the daughters of a Japanese laundryman in Brazil and hunting (or vice-versa) tigers in Judaea.

On top of all this they had to buy their car, which at the end of the trip would seem to have been definitely second-hand, for it "braved frozen mountains, impenetrable forests, sandstorms and floods." The book (translated by George Malcolm) is published at 25s. by Macdonalds, of 16 Maddox Street, W.1.

A query often put to me by readers is "What polish do *you* use?" There are many to choose from, and even the most industrious among us cannot try every one; however, I personally have stuck for many years to an old favourite—Apollo, made by Bernard J. Ellis, Ltd., of Epsom Works, Leyton, E.10. I mention this because results have been consistently excellent, and never have I found any deterioration of the paintwork by it, a highly important point. It is liquid, can be used in wet weather as well as fine, and gives a brilliant protective finish. It costs 4s. 6d a 14-oz. tin.



Two views of the Austin Seven Countryman. It incorporates all the outstanding design features of the Seven saloon and is mechanically identical





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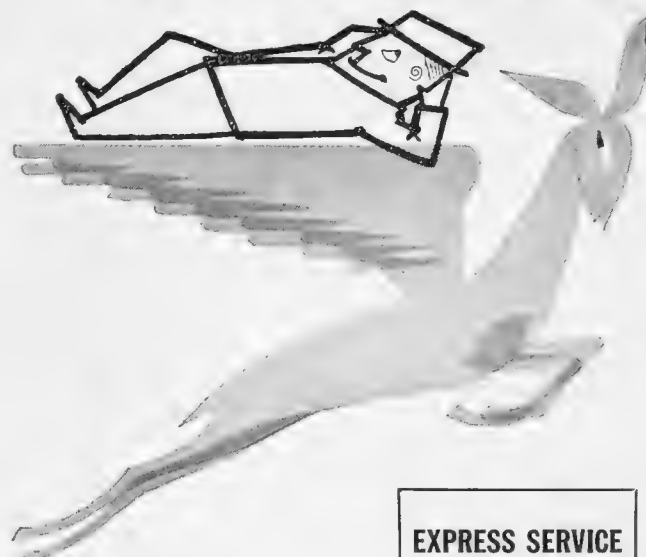
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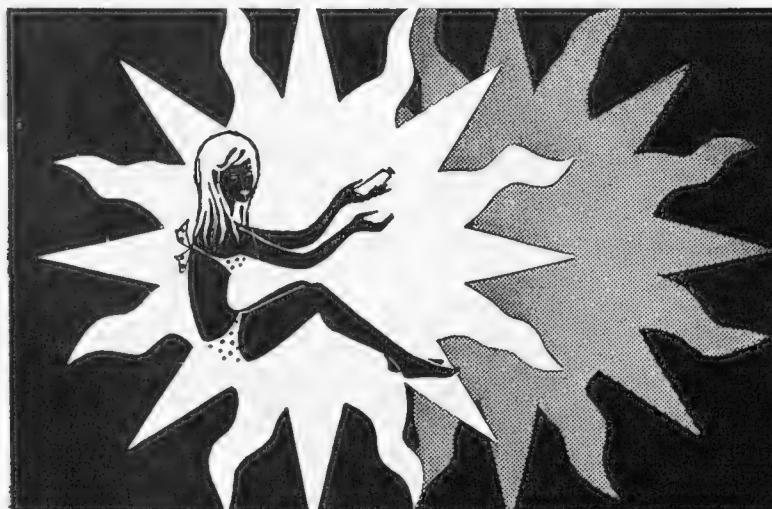
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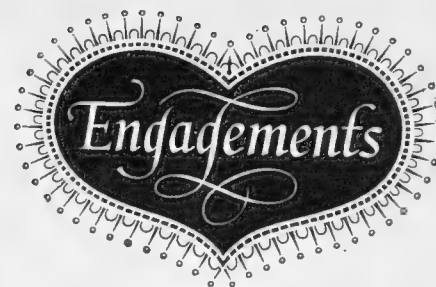
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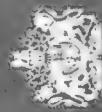


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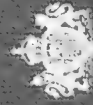
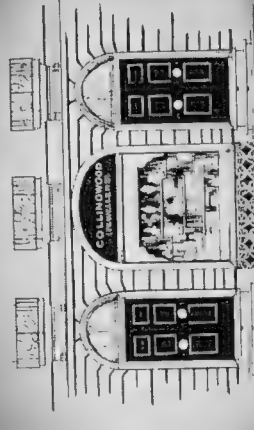


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